INSIDIOUS CHAPTER 3

Written by

Leigh Whannell

Paradigm April 20 2014

FADE IN

INT. HALLWAY, APARTMENT - NIGHT

A metal grate shields us from a black cavern beyond it.

We PULL BACK to reveal the grate in context - it is an air conditioning duct, built into a white stucco wall. A pallid street light slashes across the wall from outside, but mostly it is dark here.

The hush of night envelops us. We pivot away from the air conditioning duct, as if looking through someone's POV, but we are FLOATING, close to the floor...until we realize it's actually the ceiling.

We are UPSIDE DOWN. A lamp protrudes upwards in front of us. We ROTATE AROUND so that the lamp is the right way up, moving past it.

Our gaze swims gracefully towards a DOOR at the end of the hall. The door is ajar.

We reach the door and soundlessly move through it.

INT. BEDROOM, APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

We roam into a darkened bedroom. It is cluttered but not messy, there's an order to the chaos.

A teenage girl is lying in bed. We settle and watch her. She is staring at the ceiling.

TEENAGE GIRL
I was late to journalism today and Mr. Atkins said he would fail me if I was even a minute late again.
(beat)
That guy, Hector, who lives next door. I'm pretty sure he likes me. I think. I don't know. How can you tell?

The wind outside is her only reply. Sadness washes over the girl. True pain etched on her face.

TEENAGE GIRL (CONT'D)
I wish you could answer me. I wish I could talk to you. Just once.

All is quiet for a moment.

THEN - her bookshelf creaks and buckles. The noise startles the girl.

She clambers out of bed, going over to it. Inspecting it.

She turns around, surveying her room - then crinkles her face in concern.

There is a BOOK lying on her pillow. It wasn't there before. She approaches and picks it up. It say's QUINN'S JOURNAL on the front, handwritten.

She stares around the room. Unsettled.

WE PULL BACK AWAY FROM HER...through the window, the square of pale light becoming smaller...eventually a pinprick in a sea of darkness.

OPENING TITLES PLAY AS WE PULL BACK THROUGH THE FURTHER, CATCHING GLIMPSES OF PEOPLE AS THEY WANDER THROUGH THE DARK.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

A leafy neighborhood sparkles in the late afternoon sun.

The teenage girl we met in the opening sequence paces around a corner, lugging a school bag.

She is QUINN BRENNER (17), a brunette with a searching curiosity in her large eyes. Quinn knows what she wants in life but isn't quite sure how to get it yet. She's figuring the world out slowly; figuring out if it likes her back.

She checks a piece of paper, reading an address. She correlates the address with a street sign, then doubles back and checks the number on a mail box.

A unique Victorian house rises beyond a wrought iron gate. She opens the gate and hurries towards the house.

TITLECARD - **MARCH 2008**

EXT. FRONT PORCH, VICTORIAN HOUSE - DAY

Quinn thumbs the doorbell. She is nervous, unsure what to do with her body. Bites her nails.

Shuffling is heard inside the house.

VOICE (O.S.)
Who is it?

QUINN
Hi...um...my, my name's Quinn. I was looking for Elise.

The door unlatches, revealing a tired looking woman. This is ELISE RAINIER.

Elise smiles thinly. She's never seen this girl before. This is not the chatty Elise we know.

ELISE
Yes, I'm Elise.

QUINN
Oh. Hi. Um...I'm really sorry to bother you ma'am, I got your name from Claire Ortisky's mom.

She laughs, embarrassed at herself.

QUINN (CONT'D)
Sorry, Mrs. Ortisky. Emily! Sorry. Emily Ortisky. She said you worked as a psychic. She said you were really amazing. When she saw you.

ELISE
Yes, I remember her. Emily.

QUINN
Yeah, she's awesome, she's really nice. And she told me how great you were. She gave me a phone number for you but it wasn't working. I'm sorry to just show up like this.

ELISE
That's okay, but if you're looking for a reading, unfortunately I don't do that anymore.

Palpable disappointment roils below the surface of Quinn's very expressive face. This girl couldn't hide her feelings if she tried - and she does try.

QUINN
Oh.

ELISE
I stopped a year or so back. When did I see Emily?

QUINN
I don't know. A while ago, I think.

ELISE
Yeah, it must've been.

QUINN
I have money. I brought like...a hundred and fifty dollars.

ELISE
It's not that, honey. I just can't. I'm pretty busy right now.

QUINN
Okay.

ELISE
Where have you come from?

QUINN
Leeland Park.

ELISE
Wow. Long way.

QUINN
Yeah. It's no problem though. I'm the one who just showed up, so...sorry to waste your time.

Elise studies Quinn's eyes. There's desperation in them.

ELISE
Why don't you come in for a minute? A good chat is never time wasted.

INT. LIVING ROOM, ELISE'S HOUSE - DAY

Elise shuffles past objects of furniture covered in dark sheets, clearing knitting needles and a small half-knitted coat off the couch. Dead plants line the window sill. A single blade of sunlight illuminates a sea of dust.

QUINN
I love the style of your house. So cool.

ELISE
Thank you. Have a seat, dear.

She sits. Elise sits opposite her, smiling for real now.

ELISE (CONT'D)
You're a very smart girl.

QUINN
Not really. Depends who you ask.

ELISE
You are. You read a lot. A lot of books in that bag of yours.

Quinn is caught off guard by this - it's true.

QUINN
Yeah. I love reading.

ELISE
So why did you come here, Quinn?

QUINN
I want to talk to my mom.
(beat)
She died a year and a half ago. She had breast cancer. Well, first she had that, then she got a mastectomy, but it spread to her liver...

ELISE
My condolences. Tell me about her. What was she like?

QUINN
Um, she was great. She could always hang out with my friends. Loved old music, like, vinyl records. She always wanted to talk to me, like...
(stops, needs a moment)
Sorry.

ELISE
When your spirit leaves this Earth, your acts of kindness stay behind. Sounds like your mom left a lot.

QUINN
Yeah. Sometimes I can feel her around me. Like, at night in my room. I'll be asleep and something will wake me up. It's kinda crazy.

ELISE
Not to me it isn't. Sleeping is practice for death. It's when we're at our closest to the spirit world.
(beat)
(MORE)

ELISE (CONT'D)
You've tried to contact her before, haven't you? On your own?

QUINN
Yeah. I've asked her to talk to me but she never does. That's why I came here.

Elise looks away. Mulling it over. A long beat.

ELISE
Alright. Give me a moment. I can't promise anything.

Quinn pulls out her money.

QUINN
Take this. Please.

ELISE
No. I got out of this business and if I accept that from you, I'm back in it.

Elise closes her eyes, drawing in a deep breath.

ELISE (CONT'D)
Normally we would do this in my reading room downstairs, but...what was her name?

QUINN
Eve. Eve Brenner.

ELISE
We are reaching out and trying to contact Eve, Quinn's mother. If you can hear us, Eve, please talk to me.

Quinn studies Elise's face, fearful and fascinated. A long beat of silence passes.

ELISE (CONT'D)
There's someone here.

QUINN
I need to know if --

ELISE
It's not your mom.

We PULL AROUND ELISE. As we do, we see the unlit hallway opposite the living room.

Elise begins to breathe heavier. She grips the side of her head as if she were in pain.

There is a sound - of creaking wood. Like someone was stepping forward down the hall. We can't see anything.

ELISE (CONT'D)
Leave me alone. Be quiet.

Elise's eyes POP open. She is trembling slightly. She turns and glowers into the hallway, her eyes fixated on it.

Is something there? A shadow?

QUINN
Elise?

Elise shakes it off and faces Quinn.

ELISE
There's a reason I had to stop doing this. I hope you can understand. There are other people who do what I do. Find one of them.

Quinn gives a quick nod, eyes down.

ELISE (CONT'D)
You're going to be okay. But my advice is not to try and contact your mother on your own anymore.
(beat)
You have to very careful. If you call out to one of the dead...all of them can hear you.

INT. QUINN'S BEDROOM, BRENNER APARTMENT - NIGHT

Quinn is asleep. Or so we think.

She opens her eyes.

QUINN
Are you there?

At first, only the atmos of the outside street replies. And then a barely audible sound invades the serenity...a whisper.

VOICE (O.S.)
Yes...

Quinn sits up. Did she just hear that? Listens in silence.

QUINN
Mom?

A long beat passes.

VOICE (O.S.)
Quinn...

That time she’s sure she heard it. She gets out of bed.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT’D)
Quinn...

The voice seems to be coming from within the AIR CONDITIONING DUCT above her head, near the ceiling.

Quinn glares at it, then climbs up onto her bed. She is on tippy-toes, straining to reach it. She presses her ear against it.

The air coming out of it seems like a BREATH...a WHEEZE. It leads into a stronger GUST that causes Quinn to JERK her head back.

She gazes around the room, unsettled.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING - ESTABLISHING

An aging apartment building with the grandeur that age brings. Built in the 1920s, it has seen better days, but it’s arches and grey stone still make it a dame.

INT. HALLWAY, BRENNER APARTMENT - MORNING

A bedroom door, scarred by layers of stickers. Some are cutesy and girlish, but have been torn away or plastered over with more grown up band stickers, like The Pixies.

The door opens and an energetic Quinn emerges. She skips down the hall to the --

INT. KITCHEN, BRENNER APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

-- cramped kitchen.

There is a stack of food encrusted dishes in the sink. Boxes of cereal everywhere. It resembles the kitchen of a frat house. A woman’s touch is needed.

Her father, SHANE BRENNER (42), streaks past her. He is a blue collar guy, always working.

He’s wearing a grey pair of electricians overalls, cell phone wedged against his ear. He forages through the fridge.

SHANE
(into phone, quickly)
...yeah, but I mean, I can’t be in two places at once. I gotta rewire that whole building, the original guys screwed it. It’s gonna take me a day at least.
(to Quinn)
Why don’t we have any food? I thought you got groceries?

QUINN
I did.

He grabs a salad box out of the fridge, reading the label.

SHANE
(pronounces it Quinn-o-ah)
What’s Quinoa?

QUINN
(pronouncing it correctly)
Keen-wah.

Shane is perplexed, looks for coffee. Quinn plucks a croissant out of the fridge, pours maple syrup on it and then places a strawberry on top. She places her masterpiece on the counter and tries to line up a photo of it with her phone.

SHANE
(into phone)
I know but I can’t...let me call them. Hold on a second, Bill.
(to Quinn)
What are you doing?

QUINN
Taking a photo.

SHANE
Why?

QUINN
So I can tweet it.

SHANE
Nothing you just said makes any sense.

QUINN
It’s not supposed to.

SHANE
Don’t tweet it, just eat it.

QUINN
That’s a great T-shirt.

SHANE
You’re weird. You’re a weird person. No one cares what you’re having for breakfast. Go and get your brother up and get him ready, would ya?

INT. HALLWAY, BRENNER APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Quinn stops at a door to her left. A construction sign nailed to it says ‘STAND TEN FEET BACK’. She jostles it open. Beyond the door is the remnants of a tsunami - toys and tools everywhere. A body is twisted in the sheets of the bed.

QUINN
Alex. Alex!

The body on the bed comes to life. This is ALEX BRENNER (9), a ball of adolescent energy. Undiagnosed ADHD.

ALEX
What?!

QUINN
Get up, get ready for school.

ALEX
I am!

He doesn’t move. Quinn barges into his room, pinching her nose.

QUINN
It stinks in here. Come on, get up.
(beat)
Okay fine, I’ll tell dad.

Alex leaps out of his bed, charging at her.

ALEX
Geez, give me a second, I was getting up.

QUINN
Don’t touch me.

ALEX
Get out, bitch! Get out!

He manhandles her out, slamming the door in her face. She gives the door the finger, then keeps heading down the hall.

INT. QUINN'S BEDROOM, BRENNER APARTMENT - MORNING

Quinn flops onto the bed in her large bedroom.

It's the first time we've seen it in the light. This is her hideaway and it feels like it. A secret fortress of her feelings.

There are used books stacked everywhere, vinyl records and posters of Natalie Wood adorn the walls. Racks of thrift store dresses. Everything has a vintage feel to it. She's into Tennessee Williams, not 'Twilight'.

Quinn opens up a playbook, reading the lines to herself.

QUINN
(reading from book)
I won't ever forget this...

She sets the book down and closes her eyes.

QUINN (CONT'D)
I won't ever forget this. You will go to the ends of the world and you will find me waiting there, your servant.

She checks the lines, biting her nails. A bad habit of hers.

QUINN (CONT'D)
You will always find me waiting there, your servant.

INT. HALLWAY, BRENNER APARTMENT - MORNING

Shane hangs up his cell phone and glances down the hall. No life.

He pokes his head into Alex's bedroom, sees him on his computer. We see what Alex is watching - it is a YouTube window showing a GREEN NIGHT VISION camera shot of a dark room. Someone SCREAMS LOUDLY in the video.

SHANE
Alex, you see this face?

Shane points to his own face.

SHANE (CONT'D)
This is my whoop ass face. When you see this face, it means I'm about to whoop ass. Get moving.

INT. QUINN'S BEDROOM, BRENNER APARTMENT - MORNING

Quinn paces, holding the playbook by her side. She gesticulates, giving a real performance.

QUINN
You gave me life when I was dying. When I was leaving this world.

The door bursts open and Shane barrels in.

SHANE
What the hell are you doing Quinn?

QUINN
Jesus, you scared me!

SHANE
Quinn, I gotta rely on you to get Alex up and ready. He's lyin' around like a government employee.

QUINN
I did!

SHANE
Did what?

QUINN
I told him to get up.

SHANE
No. No. I need you to get him ready for school.

QUINN
I have to learn my lines. When am I gonna do that?

SHANE
You could've done it later, now he's gonna be late. If he's not ready, I'm gonna have to take him which means I'm gonna be late for my job. The whole day is ruined cos you're being selfish.

QUINN
Yeah, how selfish of me to work on my audition.

SHANE
Not everything revolves around you, Quinn.

Quinn throws down her book and huffs past him.

INT. HALLWAY, APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Quinn exits her apartment, her brother reluctantly in tow. The apartment number on their door is 514.

QUINN
Come on.

The door to the apartment next to theirs opens and a handsome Latino boy, HECTOR (17), emerges. Schoolbag over his shoulder.

ALEX
Oh, good timing Hector. Now you get to see Quinn. It's like you were waiting there or something.

QUINN
Shut up, Alex.

Alex giggles and sprints ahead.

HECTOR
What have you got first?

QUINN
I'm not going to school today. I've got an audition for a theatre school.

HECTOR
Lucky you.

They pace down the hall. A frail looking, elderly African American woman uses a walker to hobble down the hall towards them. They pass her, eyes down, and as they do:

ELDERLY WOMAN
(to Quinn)
You've gotta see these birds. There's a flock of them at City Hall but these one's are nicer. But you can't eat them.

The kids gape at her. An elderly black man rushes down the hall, embarrassed. This is HARRY (74). His wife is GRACE.

HARRY
Sorry kids, sometimes she isn't sure what she's saying.

They move on. Alex slaps Quinn on the back.

ALEX
That's what you've got to look forward to when you get old.

QUINN
So have you.

ALEX
Yeah, but you'll get there first.

We wipe across a wall, taking us into --

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Quinn hustles across a busy street, heading for a big white building. She looks like she's late.

A car blasts its horn and carries us into --

INT. BACKSTAGE, AUDITORIUM - DAY

Quinn stands in the darkened wing of a backstage area, eyes racing over her lines.

She munches her nails. She is beyond nervous. Off camera, we can hear someone on stage reading a monologue.

She closes her eyes, takes a deep breath.

QUINN
Mom...help me get through this.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Quinn Brenner?

Startled, Quinn turns and steps out on stage.

INT. STAGE, AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

Quinn is immediately assaulted by glaring stage lights. No one is visible in the seating area - only darkness.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Start the scene when you're ready.

Quinn peers out into the auditorium, taking a moment. As if looking for someone.

MALE VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Whenever you're ready.

She jolts out of her trance and dives in.

QUINN
I won't ever forget this. You will go to the ends of the world and you will find me waiting there, your servant. You...um...

She's dropped the line.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
You gave me life when I was dying.

QUINN
Yeah. Sorry. Sorry. Um...

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Do you want to take a break and come back in a little bit?

Quinn is shattered that she botched it.

EXT. QUIET SIDE STREET - NIGHT

Quinn is slumped on the curb next to MAGGIE LIM (17), a tomboy-ish Asian girl with a pixie cut. Quinn and Maggie are best friends and have a very practiced rapport.

Maggie chows down on tacos, Quinn is livid. An elderly Hispanic man grills meat and vegetables on a small gas cooker he has set up on a street corner.

QUINN
I hate him. I don't pretend hate him, like "oh I hate you but really I love you" - no, I actually, literally hate him.

MAGGIE
No, you don't.

QUINN
Don't ruin this!

MAGGIE
Look man, we've got a few months of high school left and then we're free. He can't wreck your life when you're miles away in college.

QUINN
He already has! I botched the audition to the one school I wanna go to! I'm not going anywhere. It's over.

MAGGIE
You are so born to be an actress, Brenner.
(doing an impression of her)
It's over!

QUINN
I'm serious. That school is all I wanted. But he wants me here, raising my brother. You're gonna be gone...

Quinn is on the brink of tears. Maggie takes her shoulders, stares her in the eye.

MAGGIE
You're gonna be okay.

QUINN
Everybody always says that.

Three teenage boys goofing nearby with skateboards mess with them.

TEENAGE BOY
Les be friends.

MAGGIE
Oh no, you're right! Where's the nearest Jesus camp?

Quinn laughs. Maggie gets up, crossing the street, seeing an approaching car.

She reaches her Honda, then looks back.

Quinn is crossing the street. As she does, she suddenly stops in the middle of the road. FROM HER POV, we see a SHADOWY FIGURE, staring at her from the opposite side of the street.

Quinn stops and gazes at the figure, distracted.

And then a car WALLOPS INTO HER a second later.

Quinn's body SMASHES down onto the windshield as the screech of tires pierces the night.

Maggie SCREAMS, rushing towards Quinn's crumpled body. Her scream carries across into --

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM, HOSPITAL - NIGHT

A scene of chaos.

Doctors work frantically to save Quinn.

Her bloody and shattered legs are stripped of their jeans, a nurse shearing them away with scissors.

ER SURGEON
What's her pressure?

NURSE
Ninety over palpable, pulse rate high.

ER SURGEON
Let's get a chest tube in her.

Doctors rush to ram a tube into her chest.

NURSE
Pressure down to eighty!

ER SURGEON
Get me six units of O-positive.

We are TIGHT on Quinn's face. As the ER team scrambles, we SOAR into the air --

-- now offering a BIRD'S EYE VIEW of the whole scene. Quinn on the table, as limp as a sack of grain; the doctors buzzing around her; the wash of the surgical lights.

The SOUND gradually recedes, draining away. A low rumble is all that our ears permit.

Our all-seeing eye observes the silent chaos for a moment, then arcs away from it.

We drift at a skewed angle towards the door of the operating theatre.

INT. HALLWAY, HOSPITAL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

We are exploring the hallway now. There is no one else around.

The hospital is eerily deserted.

Our POV pushes on, careening towards the MAIN DOOR, pushing through that into --

INT. BLACK VOID - THE FURTHER - CONTINUOUS

-- an abyss of blindness. There is nothing here. Only dark.

The rumble rises in pitch as a FIGURE takes shape, approaching us from the valley of nothing.

Quinn stands in the dark, alone. Frightened.

She turns around, squinting into the dark. When she turns back, there is a PAIR OF EYES glaring at her...accompanied by wheezing breaths.

VOICE (O.S.)
I'm keeping you.

The figure REACHES OUT FOR HER NECK.

An ELECTRONIC PING cuts in as we SLAM BACK TO --

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM, HOSPITAL - NIGHT

-- our world. Quinn's eyes BLAZE open as she INHALES a lungful of air.

PING...PING...PING.

A heart rate monitor beside her bed keeps a steady rhythm.

ER SURGEON
We've got her, we've got her back.
Let's keep her stable, folks.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

A cold and sterile hospital room.

Quinn is draped across a gurney, a broken figure. Her legs are encased in casts, a structure of steel rods pinning them at different points. Her right arm is bandaged She's a mess.

Her bruised eyes open, hazy with drug induced sleep. Her voice is very hoarse, strained. There are scratches on her neck.

QUINN
Mom...

A toilet flushes in the small adjacent bathroom and Shane emerges. He rushes to her and takes her hand.

SHANE
Hey, it’s dad, honey.

He plots himself beside the bed. Alex is also there, sitting in the corner. He gets up, wary. Approaches slowly.

SHANE (CONT’D)
(to Alex)
Say something to her.

ALEX
Hey Quinn.

Shane strokes her head and she buries her face in his arm.

INT. HALLWAY, HOSPITAL - DAY

Shane stands opposite a stern doctor, DR. HENDERSON (40s). He looks glum as he studies the X-rays the doctor holds up.

DR. HENDERSON
She has multiple fractures, including her right femur, which is a stubborn bone. These are injuries that will take some time to heal.

SHANE
Is there a chance she won’t walk again?

DR. HENDERSON
I think there’s going to be some rehabilitation...but if she’s given the proper recovery time, she should fully regain all function. It’s going to be a long road. She needs total rest. Minimal movement.

SHANE
I can’t believe this is happening right now.

DR. HENDERSON
You should think yourself lucky, Shane. Very lucky. She came very close.

The creak of a door takes us into --

INT. FOYER, APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

High ceilings and old wood. The doors open and Shane pushes Quinn inside. She is hunched over in a wheelchair, still looking groggy. Her voice still raspy.

Shane approaches his mail box. Harry is there, prying his mail out. Grace sits nearby in a lobby chair.

SHANE
Hey Harry.

HARRY
How are you sir? I am so sorry about what happened to your beautiful daughter.

SHANE
She’s here and that’s what counts.

HARRY
Yes sir. I wanted to ask you about something...

They chat, out of earshot. Quinn is parked near Grace. She turns to Quinn, her stare vacant.

GRACE
The man who can’t breathe. The man who lives in the vents. I heard him saying your name last night. I heard him in your room while you were gone.

Quinn is extremely unnerved by this. Harry appears and helps Grace up. Shane grabs Quinn’s wheelchair.

SHANE
What’s the first thing you wanna do? Name it. See your friends?

QUINN
Sleep.

INT. QUINN'S BEDROOM, BRENNER APARTMENT - DAY

The door opens and Shane wheels Quinn inside.

There is a large banner saying WELCOME HOME QUINN with balloons clustered around it. Standing below it are Hector and his dad, ERNESTO (45).

Shane blows a party whistle.

QUINN
(mustering a smile)
Yay.

ERNESTO
My Gosh, Quinn.

QUINN
I'm all busted.

SHANE
The wheelchairs just until the bones in her legs heal.

ERNESTO
Thank God. Thank God. I'm just so happy that you're gonna get better. People are crazy, the way they drive around this neighborhood, you know?

Hector steps forward. Quinn is shy in front of him.

HECTOR
Hey Quinn.

QUINN
Hey.

HECTOR
So sorry about this.

QUINN
Pretty embarrassing.

HECTOR
I sent some flowers.

SHANE
We got them.

Hector gestures to her casts.

HECTOR
Let me be the first to sign your cast.

QUINN
Knock yourself out.

He plucks out a pen and scrawls *I always said you were a traffic stopper! Ha ha* on the plaster.

QUINN (CONT'D)
Cute.

ERNESTO
I think she's done being shown off now. We just wanted to see you Quinn. Anything you need...

INT. QUINN'S BEDROOM, BRENNER APARTMENT - LATER

Shane prepares to hoist Quinn out of her chair.

SHANE
One...two..three.

He hauls her upwards. She hisses. He eases her head down onto the pillows, then lifts both her casts onto the bed.

SHANE (CONT'D)
Great neighbors we've got. A boy who's clearly in love with you on one side and the crazy cat lady on the other.

QUINN
He's not in love with me. Not everyone that looks at me is in love with me, dad. Especially since I'm a cripple now.

SHANE
Really? I was born *a day*, but it wasn't yesterday. I know what young love looks like. I was seventeen once too.

She laughs.

SHANE (CONT'D)
So now I don't have to move you for three months. You better get used to this bed.

QUINN
Awesome.

SHANE
No sarcasm now. Not when I got you such a great gift basket.

Shane excitedly holds up a terribly wrapped gift basket. He displays the objects within it one by one.

SHANE (CONT'D)
Huh? It's everything you like. Books. A bell in case you need me to wait on you.

He holds up a bell and jingles it.

SHANE (CONT'D)
French food.

He proudly shows off a supermarket brand of French Onion dip. Then a packet of beef jerky.

SHANE (CONT'D)
Some snacks.

Quinn laughs.

SHANE (CONT'D)
What's funny?

QUINN
I'm vegetarian.

SHANE
Really? When did that happen?

QUINN
It doesn't matter. Thank you.
(beat)
Did any letters arrive for me? From any schools or...?

SHANE
No. But don't worry about that right now. All you need to think about right now is getting better. Understand?

INT. QUINN'S BEDROOM, BRENNER APARTMENT - NIGHT

A single stem of light bleeds in through Quinn's curtains. All else fades into black.

Quinn is immobile. Lying flat on her back, unable to turn over. Her wheelchair is beside her bed.

Voices. Her eyes flutter open. Someone in the apartment above. A muffled voice. Unintelligible. Then...three light thuds on the floor.

The pains of living in an apartment building. Quinn tries to move, grunts in pain.

She places a pillow over her head to block out the noise. A long beat...she's fading back to sleep.

THEN THE BELL RINGS BESIDE HER BED.

She rips the pillow away, raising her head. The bell sits idle on her bedside table.

She glares at it, then scans the room. Listening. She does a sweep across the walls, then turns back to the bell. It has not moved.

Beyond her, we see what she can not see.

A figure. Draped in shadow. Standing in the corner behind her. Very still.

Quinn sets her head back down and the figure approaches her bed, OUT OF FOCUS.

Shane suddenly appears in the doorway.

SHANE
Hey, you need me?

He switches on the light. There is no sign of anyone in the room.

QUINN
No. I'm fine.

EXT. ELISE'S HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - DAY

A lonely house, wilting in the sun.

INT. LIVING ROOM, ELISE'S HOUSE - DAY

Elise knits on the couch. She stares up at the clock.

INT. KITCHEN, ELISE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Elise chews in silence at a dinner table. Not a hint of cheer.

INT. BEDROOM, ELISE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Elise sits up in bed, lit by a lamp, still knitting. She is on the far left side of the large bed, leaving the right side empty.

She glances over at a labrador, slumped across a dog bed in the corner. This is WARREN.

ELISE
You should be more excited, Warren, I'm making this for you.

Warren doesn't even look up. She sets the needles on the bedside table, then gets up and ambles to the closet.

She opens it and sorts through a rack of men's clothing. She selects a moth-eaten brown woolen vest, then gets back into bed with it, hugging it close to her face.

ELISE (CONT'D)
Goodnight Jack.

She closes her eyes. A beat passes...

We PUSH IN ON HER. She opens her eyes and SITS BOLTS UPRIGHT with a GASP - there is TERROR on her face.

She sits up, scanning the dark room. Flicks the lamp back on and picks up a notebook she keeps beside the bed. She writes down two words.

We see the scrawl: QUINN BRENNER.

INT. QUINN'S BEDROOM, BRENNER APARTMENT - NIGHT

A lamp beside Quinn's bed provides pale light.

Quinn is sitting up as best she can, pillows bunched up behind her. She is reading a tattered novel.

She tries to adjust her pillows, grimacing in pain. She glances over at the bell next to her bed.

More muffled noise in the upstairs apartment. And then, weirdly...*three more soft THUDS*.

Exasperated, Quinn glances down at what Hector scribbled on her cast. Smiles.

She reaches up, knocking twice on the wall above her head. She waits. A beat passes.

KNOCK, KNOCK comes the reply.

She taps out the melody again. The same reply comes quickly.

She rakes her phone off the night stand, locating HECTOR in her contacts. Pecks out a message:

Hope I didn't wake you up. So I'm a traffic stopper huh?

The reply comes in mere seconds:

Maybe :)

Quinn texts quickly, as all modern teens do.

What's the latest?

The reply:

Family night. Having dinner at grandmas tonight.

Quinn's face scrunches in disbelief.

You're not in your room right now?

Her phone beeps.

No. Why?

Quinn raises her hand and knocks again. A long pause.

No reply comes. Quinn finally let's it go. She switches off the lamp and lays down, closing her eyes.

<u>THEN A HAND JUTS INTO FRAME ABOVE HER, SHAKING HER AWAKE</u>!!

Quinn SCREAMS in fright, looking up. From her POV, we can hear the romping footsteps of someone running across the floor above her head.

One of them lands with such force it CRACKS the ceiling. The hanging lamp above her swings back and forth.

Light floods the room as Shane charges in.

SHANE
What the hell was that?

We RISE UP, reaching the roof and WIPING INTO --

INT. LIVING ROOM/ENTRANCE, EMPTY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Pitch dark.

Keys jiggle in a lock and a door bucks open.

Light from the corridor illuminates a vacant apartment, completely devoid of furniture. A few loose pieces of trash are the only occupants.

Shane's portly landlord, MEL (51), waddles into the darkened cave. He flicks on a flashlight, does a quick sweep with it.

SHANE
I'm not making this up, it cracked my ceiling, Mel.

MEL
I'm not saying you are, I'm just showing you that nobody lives above you right now.

SHANE
Well, I heard it. Some junkie is probably hiding in the closet.

Shane goes to the closet, opening it. Nothing inside. He goes to the window, tries it. Locked.

INT. BEDROOM, EMPTY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Shane enters the empty bedroom. There is still a bed here.

MEL (O.S.)
I don't know what to tell you.

INT. LIVING ROOM/ENTRANCE, EMPTY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Shane wanders back in.

SHANE
Tell me who's gonna pay for that crack in my ceiling?

MEL
That we'll have to discuss later.

He plods out and Shane surveys the apartment. Unsatisfied. He walks to the door and stares at the number on it - 614.

INT. LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN, BRENNER APARTMENT - MORNING

Shane ransacks the kitchen cabinets, manic.

SHANE
Why can't I...Quinn, where is the frying pan?

Quinn is slumped in her wheelchair in the living room, which overlooks the kitchen. She's zoned out, deep in thought.

QUINN
Third drawer down on the far left.

SHANE
I can't take this, I'm too busy right now. This is chaos. You know what?! No eggs Alex, you're having whatever's in the fridge, got it?

QUINN
I went to see a psychic. I wanted to talk to mom.

This stops Shane in his tracks. He turns around.

SHANE
You what?

QUINN
I went and saw a psychic woman named Elise. Claire's mom gave me her address.

SHANE
When was this?

QUINN
A month or so back. And ever since I went to see her...things have been happening.

She finally meets his look.

QUINN (CONT'D)
Last night, that knocking I heard. I think it was mom trying to reach me.

SHANE
Don't get any funny ideas. These nutcases are paid to give you hope, that's what they do. They make stuff up.

QUINN
Why couldn't it have been her last night? What if she's trying to tell me something? Why don't you ever wanna talk about her or acknowledge her?

SHANE
I do talk about her.

QUINN
No you don't. You just keep busy. You want it that way. You want this chaos. So you can pretend she never existed.

A long beat. Shane stares at her. Quiet.

SHANE
No Quinn. I see her every single day. When I look at you.

He walks out, leaving Quinn all alone.

EXT. ELISE'S HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

Its size makes this house more lonely.

INT. HALLWAY, ELISE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Elise clomps into view in a nightgown, dusting her hands. She passes the BASEMENT DOOR and stops to consider it.

There is a padlock on it, and two pieces of wood nailed across it. Elise sizes up the door for a moment, melancholy, then moves on. A sign on the door says READING ROOM.

INT. STAIRWELL, ELISE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Elise plods up the stairs.

INT. BEDROOM, ELISE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Elise is lying in bed, reading a book. Warren lies at the foot of the bed, napping.

ELISE
It's too bad you don't know how to read Warren. I think you'd enjoy this book.

She keeps reading, smiling to herself. Then, the smile fades. Elise sets the book down and opens the drawer beside the bed. She fishes out a piece of paper.

It is the one she wrote QUINN BRENNER on earlier. She reads the name, then looks down at Warren.

ELISE (CONT'D)
Fine. I'll help her.

INT. LIVING ROOM, ELISE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Elise sits up straight at a dining table. A candle is lit on front of her.

Elise closes her eyes.

ELISE
I am reaching out to Eve Brenner. If you can hear me, please answer me.
(beat)
Your daughter may be in danger. She needs your help.

We CLOSE IN on Elise's face. The silence of the void.

ELISE (CONT'D)
Please, Eve. Answer me. I need to speak with you.

The mute response seems to stretch on forever. Beyond her, we see the dark room adjacent to the front door.

A FIGURE emerges from the dark. Hidden in shadow.

We PUSH IN on the room...Elise in the FOREGROUND.

Elise opens her eyes, just as the SHADOW walks out of the room and down the HALLWAY. Out of view.

Elise stands up.

She moves across the living room and looks down. Sees a pair of BLOODY FOOTPRINTS, leading out of the study and down the HALL.

Elise follows them.

INT. HALLWAY, ELISE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

We move with Elise as she traces the path of the footprints.

They continue all the way to the basement door she paused at earlier.

The padlock has been undone and the door is now OPEN.

Elise inches to the doorway, peering down at the footprints as they descend a set of stairs that is eventually swallowed whole by an inky mouth of darkness.

ELISE
What do you want from her? I know you're not her mother. She thinks you are, but you aren't. And I am not afraid of you.

Elise gropes outwards and snaps a light switch on, but there is no result. The bulb is gone.

She departs and then reappears with a FLASHLIGHT.

INT. STAIRWELL/READING ROOM, ELISE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Elise takes a tentative step down the stairs.

Then another...edging her way down.

She reaches the bottom of the stairs and parts a beaded curtain, the halo of light from her flashlight illuminating a room filled with the detritus of death.

A table takes center stage in the room, covered by a red velvet table cloth.

Elise looks down at the floor. The footprints lead to a corner of the room...disappearing behind a tall cabinet.

Elise takes a step closer to the cabinet. She can hear BREATHING now. Each quiet exhalation whistling through dying lungs.

ELISE
I know you're there. I've fought many like you in my time, demon. Show yourself.

She steps closer still.

Then makes a charge forward, defiant.

She holds the flashlight to the final set of footprints, splashed in the corner, facing the wall. There is no sign of life.

No one is there.

Elise raises the flashlight - FINDING ANOTHER SET OF FOOTPRINTS ON THE WALL in front of her.

With dread, she keeps the light moving up...seeing another set of prints. As if the creature had walked up the wall.

She keeps the light moving, following the footprints all the way to the ceiling --

-- and then RECOILS with terror when the light hits the UPSIDE DOWN FACE OF A DEMONIC FIGURE.

The figure is leering through a gauzy, translucent version of a surgical mask that is slapped around its mouth. A hospital breathing tube winds around its face. And then there are its eyes.

It’s unholy, bloodshot eyes.

We see them only for a FLASH - before the creature PUSHES Elise back, SCREAMING at her with a thunderous shriek.

The flashlight spills, the darkness instantly gulping it up.

INT. HALLWAY, ELISE’S HOUSE - NIGHT

Elise CHARGES up the stairs. We hear the THUDDING of footsteps RIGHT BEHIND HER.

She staggers out of the stairwell, slamming the door to her reading room behind her and PADLOCKING it.

She slides down the wall to the floor, clutching her chest.

ELISE
I can’t...I can’t do this anymore.

INT. QUINN’S BEDROOM, BRENNER APARTMENT - DAY

Grey-hued daylight floods in through Quinn’s windows.

Quinn is lying on her bed, which she has adjusted so she can sit up. A laptop rests on her thighs, Maggie’s face taking up the entire screen. They’re Skyping.

Quinn’s wheelchair is in its usual place, right beside her bed.

MAGGIE (FROM SCREEN)
Kate Whittier's still a bitch. Mr. Croll is still hot. Hector still asks about you in a really unsubtle way. Everybody still pretends they don't care about senior prom and says they're going to wear an ironic costume.

As she's talking, Quinn looks up at the CRACK in her ceiling. It has gotten LONGER. Wider. Spidering off into other cracks.

QUINN
That sounds so fun.

MAGGIE (FROM SCREEN)
No, it's not. It's the worst. Believe me. Can you please shatter my legs with a hammer? I beg you.

QUINN
Tell me more. How's your college application going?

MAGGIE
No, I wanna hear about you. How are you going with your dad?

QUINN
I don't know. He's taking all this time off to take care of me. He's out talking to his boss right now about it, it's a whole big situation.

MAGGIE
What do you do if you...you know...need to go to the bathroom?

Quinn snatches the bell off her nightstand, ringing it. Maggie cracks up.

MAGGIE (FROM SCREEN) (CONT'D)
No way, does he...is that him?

QUINN
What?

MAGGIE (FROM SCREEN)
Is that your dad standing behind you?

Quinn WHIPS her head around. There is no one behind her. The room is empty. Silent.

QUINN
What did you see?

MAGGIE (FROM SCREEN)
There was someone leaning over your shoulder and -- but kind -- smiling--

Maggie's voice burps with digital distortion, then drops out. The words **CALL DISCONNECTED** invade the screen.

Quinn tries calling her back. **UNABLE TO MAKE CONNECTION** appears in the call window.

She glances over at the wheelchair beside her bed --

-- only to see it *on the other side of the room.*

Panicked, her eyes skirt the room. THROUGH HER POV, we PAN past the piles of used books, the vanity mirror, past the crates of vinyl records...

...all the way to the curtains. And then we stop.

THERE IS A FIGURE STANDING BEHIND THEM.

The tall figure can barely be made out through the opaque lace that lays behind the heavier curtains - except for the EYES. Bulging. Unblinking. Malevolent.

Boring a hole in Quinn.

Below the curtains, two bare, pale feet stick out. A pool of black blood gathers under each foot like leaking oil.

Quinn SCREAMS - an involuntary wail that vomits out of her.

She can't move, her legs keeping her prone.

Then the figure starts to MOVE. It treads towards her, the curtains still covering it...

...pulling upwards and revealing its legs as it takes each step.

The curtain gets higher...the figure closer...only feet away now...

Quinn's breathing rises - she is literally paralyzed with terror.

The figure's spindly arms reach out beneath the curtains...about to touch Quinn --

-- when the figure abruptly drops down to the floor, the curtain falling backwards and settling against the wall.

And then nothing. No sound. No sight of the figure.

Quinn grimaces in pain. The only sound is her labored breath.

Agonizing moments of silence pass.

In great pain, Quinn turns her whole body over...slowly... slowly...peering over the edge of her bed...

Nothing is there. She leans back into a sitting position.

AND THEN A PAIR OF PALE HANDS REACH DOWN FROM ABOVE AND RIP HER OUT OF BED!!

Quinn lands with a sickening THUD on the floor. The laptop spills and spins across the floorboards.

Quinn is now splayed on her stomach, winded, her legs and neck in agony, the bed sheets wrapped around her. FROM HER POV, we can see under the bed.

On the other side of it, she can see a pair of bare feet. The feet are rooted to the spot, doing nothing.

Then they turn and approach the curtains.

Slowly, methodically, the unseen figure draws the curtains CLOSED. Making the room a whole lot darker.

Quinn’s terror goes into overdrive. She can’t see the feet anymore. She merely listens in the dark. She tries to move but SCREAMS IN UNGODLY PAIN.

She hears the creaking of floorboards.

The figure is walking across them. We can hear it, but we can’t see it. We hear the bedroom door CLOSE. More light blocked out.

The last remaining light is the glow of her laptop screen.

More footsteps. Getting louder. Closer. A wheezing breath accompanies them. It sounds a lot like the struggling sound that came from the AIR CONDITIONER.

The laptop closes, shutting off the last remaining light.

FROM QUINN’S POV, we stare into the dark space. Nothing betrays itself.

CLOSE ON QUINN’S FACE.

Someone is right above her, but we can't see them. We can only hear them. BREATHING. It's getting louder. CLOSER.

VOICE (O.S.)
Die.

With every bit of effort she has, Quinn unleashes a blood curdling SCREAM.

INT. LIVING ROOM, BRENNER APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Shane opens the door, instantly besieged by Quinn's cries.

SHANE
Quinn?

He BOLTS towards her bedroom.

INT. QUINN'S BEDROOM, BRENNER APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Shane charges in, stunned by the sight of Quinn on the floor.

SHANE
What happened?

He bends down, to help her sit up. She yelps in pain and he let's her be. Alex appears.

SHANE (CONT'D)
Quinn, are you okay? Are you hurt?

Quinn can barely speak - literally. Her voice is a thin rasp.

QUINN
Someone's in here!

Shane braces, getting up and slapping on the light. The room appears empty. He tries the windows - locked. Closet empty.

SHANE
Who was in here? Someone broke in?

Quinn doesn't answer, just cries.

SHANE (CONT'D)
Did someone break in? Quinn?

Alex doesn't move, wide eyes locked on his sister. Shane hugs Quinn.

SHANE (CONT'D)
I'm here now. You're safe.

He holds her, then looks up...and is stopped short with shock

There are MESSY BLACK FOOTPRINTS on the ceiling.

INT. LIVING ROOM, BRENNER APARTMENT - NIGHT

Shane helps Quinn onto the couch. A male nurse is there, helping to adjust a BRACE around her neck.

She winces in pain.

QUINN
Ow...

SHANE
It’s okay, just hold still.

MALE NURSE
This will prevent her from moving in a way that could injure her neck further.

INT. HALLWAY, APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Shane heads down the hall, hauling a bag of trash. He pries open the door to the garbage chute, flinging the bag into it.

As he trudges back down the hall, he sees a man in an E.M.T uniform exit Harry’s apartment.

Concerned, Shane pauses and peers in through the open door.

Harry is hunched in a tattered club chair with the frozen stupor of the comatose.

SHANE
Harry? You okay?

Shane taps on the door and enters.

INT. HARRY’S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Harry slowly looks up at Shane, still lost somewhere.

HARRY
She’s gone.

Realization floods Shane.

HARRY (CONT’D)
She just wouldn’t wake up.

SHANE
Harry...I'm sorry.

Harry looks down at an aging photograph he is holding of a much younger Grace, laughing in a short dress.

HARRY
People called her a crazy lady. The cat lady. But she wasn't that.

Shane averts his eyes, ashamed.

HARRY (CONT'D)
She had a whole life before she got sick. She was beautiful. The most beautiful girl in my whole town.
(beat)
She was somebody. She was my wife. We were together for fifty two years.

He looks up from the photo, eyes glistening with tears.

HARRY (CONT'D)
I knew she didn't have long. I told her how much she meant to me, but the worst part is...I don't know if she could understand what I was saying.

Shane puts his hand on Harry's arm.

SHANE
She knows what you said. She knew how much you loved her.
(beat)
Harry is there's anything you need, anything, just ask. Okay?

We hold on them sitting in the living room together.

INT. LIVING ROOM, BRENNER APARTMENT - DAY

The apartment door opens, revealing the toothy grin of Maggie. She holds up a pair of scissors and some cardboard.

MAGGIE
Oh yeah playa, you know it's crafternoon.

INT. LIVING ROOM, BRENNER APARTMENT - LATER

Maggie sits cross-legged on the floor, an apocalyptic mess around her. She is attempting to make some variation of a Japanese lantern. Still wearing her school uniform.

Quinn is also building a lamp, with less enthusiasm. Hers actually looks pretty good. She fixes a candle inside it.

Maggie inspects her own progress. It's ugly.

MAGGIE
Okay, mine looks like a beaver dam.

Quinn manages a smile, but it's meek.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
This is literally the worst lamp that's ever been built by human hands and that includes blind two year old's with no hands. Just stumps for hands.

Quinn actually laughs, but again it's mild.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
I want to help you get better. I want to bring back the Quinn I used to know.

A moment between them.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
I need those twisty things, you know? What are they called? Those things you turn things with. It's a tool and you turn things with it. A turny thingy.

QUINN
Pliers?

MAGGIE
Yes! Those. I need some.

QUINN
My dad has some. I'll go get them.

MAGGIE
No way dude, you're an invalid.

Maggie clambers painfully to her feet and pushes Quinn out of the room.

INT. SHANE'S BEDROOM, BRENNER APARTMENT - DAY

The remnants of a female presence are still here - tasteful credenza, art on the walls - but they are slowly being buried amidst working man clutter.

Maggie wheels Quinn inside.

She rolls over to the built-in closet, opening it.

She sorts through piles of shoes, looking for a tool kit - then aborts suddenly.

She stares at a photograph, sitting atop a shoe box.

She snatches it up. It is a photo of Shane with a pretty brunette woman, around 35.

QUINN
I've never seen this picture of them.

Maggie steps up behind her.

MAGGIE
She's so beautiful. And I'm sorry to say this but your dad was hot.

QUINN
Vomit.

Quinn reaches in and grabs the whole shoe box, prying it open.

MAGGIE
We should get out of here.

Quinn flicks through a pile of mementos - tickets, photos and letters. She plucks a handwritten letter out of the box. Maggie leans over her shoulder and reads it.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
(reading letter)
"Eve...I'm not smart enough to put into words how much I miss you. I am so proud of you that you are following your dream and travelling, but I know that I am not a complete person without you and I can't wait for you to come home."
(beat)
Oh my god, that's the sweetest, I'm totally gonna cry right now.

QUINN
He probably got a buddy of his to write it. He couldn't write that.

MAGGIE
Maybe when they fix your legs they could give you an attitude adjustment. That is the power of love, right there.

Quinn picks out a necklace with a heavy pendant on the end of it. Awed by it.

QUINN
This was mom's. I remember this.

She loops it around her neck.

QUINN (CONT'D)
I'm keeping it.

INT. LIVING ROOM, BRENNER APARTMENT - NIGHT

Night sounds - a distant car alarm, the yips of a dog.

And Quinn's breath as she snoozes on the couch. Her mom's necklace is tangled in her hand.

We hear three soft thuds on the ceiling.

Quinn murmurs, clawing her way up from the swamp of deep sleep. She gapes up at the ceiling.

The CRACK from her room has now SPREAD to the living room.

A flake of plaster flutters down from it, landing on Quinn.

Terrified, her neck brace rendering her unable to move her head, she PULLS THE SHEET over her head.

UNDER THE SHEETS with her, we watch her terror. She peels back the sheets...

...nothing is there.

She wrenches the sheets over her head again and closes her eyes. Takes a deep breath.

INT. UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Quinn pulls the sheet away. It's later. She blinks, tired.

Then a surge of shock wakes her.

She is not lying on the couch.

She is sitting upright in her wheelchair.

The sheet covering her.

In the middle of a dark corridor.

She can’t turn, can’t look around.

Her breath pounding with stark terror, she glances over and sees an apartment door right near her. It is ajar, a stripe of black beyond it.

It is apartment 614.

Shaking, Quinn turns her wheelchair around and heads for the elevator at the end of the hallway. She pushes the button with a shaky finger.

The elevator lurches below and whirs it’s way upwards.

Slowly. Very slowly. Quinn shakes with fear the whole time.

We see what she cannot - the shadow of a man, approaching her from the shadows of the long corridor.

He reaches her. We can’t see him.

His hands grab the handles of the wheelchair.

A strained rasp escapes Quinn’s throat.

QUINN
Help...help me...

The figure turns the wheelchair around and heads back down the corridor...just as the elevator arrives.

The figure slowly pushes her along. A bead of sweat drops down Quinn’s head.

That’s when the figure BREAKS INTO A RUN. Headed straight for room 614.

It SLAMS the wheelchair through the open door --

INT. EMPTY APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

-- driving her into the center of the empty room and then DUMPING HER OUT OF THE CHAIR.

She lands with a SMACK on the floor.

The door closes. All is dark. Quinn stares into the blackness. At the BEDROOM DOOR.

A hand appears on it.

The hand drags out a FEMALE FORM. Her right arm is missing...merely a stub. On her left hand there are no fingers. Her legs are only to the ankles - there are no feet.

The woman drags herself forward, heading towards Quinn.

Quinn takes a DEEP BREATH and SCREAMS. She THUMPS THE FLOOR as hard as she can.

QUINN
DAD!! DAD!! HELP ME!!

INT. SHANE'S BEDROOM, BRENNER APARTMENT - NIGHT

Shane whips his head up, ripping the sheets back. He listens to the muffled commotion upstairs.

SHANE
Quinn...

He BOLTS from the room.

INT. EMPTY APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Quinn can't move, so she slaps the ground as hard as she can.

The door EXPLODES open, Shane heaving himself inside. Baseball bat in hand. Flashlight in the other.

He scoops up Quinn, placing her in her wheelchair.

Then his flashlight beam finds an oily FOOTPRINT. The same one he saw on Quinn's ceiling.

The ooze reflects the light. Wet. Fresh.

Coiled beside it is Eve's necklace. Shane claws it up, mystified. Quinn is petrified by the sight of the footprints.

With horror, they let their eyes bead across the floor to see the footprints leading away from them.

Shane stands up, baseball bat at the ready, stalking the prints.

They continue to a DOOR. Messy handprints smudge the door handle.

The door is ajar, darkness beyond it. Shane propels the door open, pointing his light into the murk.

It is an empty bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM, EMPTY APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

One step...two steps.

Shane advances into the bedroom but Quinn stays back. He traces the path of the footprints to the WINDOW.

It has been SHATTERED, a gentle breeze lilting in from outside. A set of drab curtains lull outwards with each frigid gust.

Shane keeps going, seeing the footprints splashed across the window ledge, facing outward. The shards of glass lining the window frame at the bottom are spattered with blood.

Trembling, Shane inches to the window...peering out...

FROM HIS POV, we investigate through the window, looking down on the street, four stories below.

A BODY IS THERE.

Lying face down, akimbo on the concrete. A pool of blood gathering around it. Feet cut up.

The figure is wearing a white surgical smock. Too far down to make out any features.

SHANE
Jesus...

Quinn can't help it. She joins him. IN ONE CONTINUOUS SHOT, Shane retreats back through the window.

Quinn leans over, peering through the window --

-- AND SEES THE MANIACAL FACE OF A MADMAN ONLY INCHES AWAY!!!

It is the same demonic figure that Elise saw - a strange surgical mask veiling its face; its wide, bloodshot eyes stripping bravado from all it looks upon. It is clasped impossibly onto the side of the building like an insect.

The demon does not have claws or hooves or anything otherwordly about it - it is simply a very pale, sick man.

He reaches up and SNATCHES Quinn by the arm, PULLING HER THROUGH THE WINDOW!

She is out to her waist when Shane GRABS her by her cast covered legs, forcing a tug of war between them.

Quinn's cries add to the maelstrom of chaos as Shane pulls his daughter back for dear life.

The demon BREATHES forcefully in her face.

With one heave, Shane finally wrenches Quinn free. They spill backwards. Shane is shocked, unable to believe what he saw.

He juts his head back out the window, bat at the ready.

The demon is GONE.

Mystified, his mind whirling with confusion, Shane scours the area. There is no body on the ground. No blood. Nothing.

Quinn sucks in a breath, her chest bubbling with PHLEGM. Shane whips around, alarmed by the coarse sound.

Quinn struggles to draw a breath. She is breathing, but it sounds like the rasp of an old man on a RESPIRATOR.

An asthmatic wheeze that mimics what she heard in the vents.

SHANE (CONT'D)
Quinn? Quinn!

He rushes to her, trying to lift her. She's dead weight. Limp.

SHANE (CONT'D)
Pull yourself up into the chair!

Quinn slurs out the words, as if her mouth wasn't working.

QUINN
I...can't...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Quinn lies in a hospital bed once again, a breathing apparatus attached to her face.

Shane stands in the corner of the room with Dr. Henderson. He is a mess. Looks like he hasn't slept in a while.

DR. HENDERSON
All of the scans are fine. Her lungs, everything. Her bones appear to be healing at a normal rate.

SHANE
Fine? Look at her. She can barely move her arms.

DR. HENDERSON
Mr. Brenner...I think that anxiety may be the cause this time.

SHANE
No, stress is a mental problem. She has a physical problem.

DR. HENDERSON
I've seen anxiety cause people extreme physical symptoms. Even paralysis. She needs relaxation, not rehabilitation.

SHANE
When my wife got cancer, everybody told me it was gonna be fine, not to worry, that she would be okay. And I believed them. But she wasn't okay. She was gone within months.
(beat)
So I'm gonna act like my daughter is dying until she isn't.

INT. ALEX'S BEDROOM, BRENNER APARTMENT - DAY

Shane helps Quinn into bed. Takes her hand.

SHANE
Your mother was always better at the love part. She was real affectionate with you guys. So I figured, that's her job. I'll be the protector. The provider. But I'm even failing at that now. I don't know what's happening to you. I don't know how to stop this.

With a frail hand, Quinn reaches into her pocket. She takes out a piece of paper. On it are the words ELISE RAINIER and an address.

She croaks out the words:

QUINN
Find...her...

INT. ELISE'S ENTRANCE HALL/LIVING ROOM - DAY

A knock at the door. Elise approaches, wary.

ELISE
Who is it?

SHANE (O.S.)
My name is Shane.
(beat)
I'm Quinn Brenner's father.

Elise's cheery expression melts into one of dread. She opens the door to reveal an exhausted looking Shane.

ELISE
I was afraid this day would come.

INT. LIVING ROOM, ELISE'S HOUSE - LATER

Shane sits opposite Elise.

ELISE
I told her that I didn't really give readings anymore but she ...well, she's a very sweet girl.

SHANE
Yeah.

ELISE
Believe me, I want to help. I know the pain you're going through.
(beat)
But this ability I have...to contact the other side...I promised myself I wouldn't do it anymore.

SHANE
I don't know anything about this stuff. I don't know what's real and what's not. I only know her. She's real. She's dying. And I don't know how to stop it. I can't let that happen again.

Elise stares at a photo of a well dressed man in his fifties.

ELISE
She told me you lost your wife. Loving someone is just delayed pain, isn't it? Eventually, you're going to lose them. One way or another. I lost my husband a year ago. He took his own life. I couldn't even blame fate.
(beat)
He'd suffered depression before, but I never thought...there were so many things I needed to say to him. Goodbye would have been nice.

This hits Shane. Elise gets up, staring through the window.

ELISE (CONT'D)
So I tried to contact him. I couldn't help it. There are two world beyond ours. They exist. Think of them as light and dark. And I visited the dark, looking for him. Something I'd never done before. Something we living people are not supposed to do.
(beat)
But something followed me back. a woman. An entity driven by evil. And ever since then, when I try to use my abilities, this woman interrupts me and tells me she is going to kill me.

She finally faces him.

ELISE (CONT'D)
I think...I know...that if I continue with this work...she is going to kill me.

SHANE
Then just visit Quinn. That's all I ask. You don't have to do anything else. Just talk to her.

ELISE
I can't. I'm sorry.

Shane gets up and walks to the door, then turns back.

SHANE
You know, it's not even me asking. It's her.
(MORE)

SHANE (CONT'D)
Before you decide not to help her...at least come and look at her. Then if you still feel like you can't, you can tell her why yourself.

INT. LIVING ROOM/ENTRANCE, BRENNER APARTMENT - DAY

Shane opens the door, letting Elise inside. She smiles as she enters the cramped apartment.

ELISE
Do you have another child?

SHANE
Yeah. A boy, Alex. He's at school.

Elise looks around, as if searching for something.

SHANE (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

ELISE
I don't really know. I'm a bit out of practice. Where is she?

SHANE
In her room. She was sleeping out here, she wouldn't go in there. But now she's too sick to care. She just lays in bed all day.

INT. QUINN'S BEDROOM, BRENNER APARTMENT - DAY

Elise enters, staring around. She looks up at the ceiling.

The crack in it have spread...like veins worming their way outwards. She looks down at Quinn, lying in bed. She looks terrified. Sleepless. Dark circles under her eyes.

QUINN
Elise...you came.

Elise enters, motioning for Shane to stay behind.

ELISE
I'm so sorry to hear about your accident.

QUINN
What's happening to me?

Elise sits next to her bed. Takes her hand.

ELISE
One night, after you came to see me, I had a vision of you. You were standing in the dark. A man was walking towards you. A man who couldn't breathe.

QUINN
Yes. I remember that. After the accident...I floated out of the hospital. Into the dark. Like space. He was there. I saw his eyes. I thought it was a dream.

ELISE
It wasn't. I've been to that dark place too. It's not a place for pure souls. It's very dangerous. Things come back with you when you go there.

Quinn nods.

QUINN
Yes. I've seen him since then. The man who can't breathe. In my room.
(beat)
He's cancer. This is how my mom must have felt. There's someone in the corner of your eye, but you can never quite see them. And they're killing you. Am I gonna die, Elise?

This gets to Elise. She clasps Quinn's hand.

ELISE
All of us will eventually die one day. But you've got a long life to live before you do, my dear.

INT. QUINN'S BEDROOM, BRENNER APARTMENT - DAY

Elise is stationed in a chair, flanked by Quinn and Shane. Quinn is seated in her wheelchair.

All of them link hands. The room has been darkened by the drawn curtains. Elise closes her eyes.

ELISE
I am here with Quinn Brenner. I want to speak with the entity that has attached itself to her.

A long beat of silence. We CLOSE IN on Elise's face.

All other sound fades - it is spookily silent. As if we had suddenly stepped into a soundproof room.

ELISE (CONT'D)
Can you hear me?

Elise's face FILLS THE FRAME now.

ELISE (CONT'D)
Are you there? Announce yourself.

And then, after an eternity...a voice. Distant. Almost inaudible.

VOICE (O.S.)
I'm here.

ELISE
Why have you come?

VOICE (O.S.)
Open your eyes. I'll show you.

Elise opens her eyes. The bedroom is even darker somehow. Devoid of any natural light.

Elise is sitting alone - Quinn and Shane have disappeared.

INT. QUINN'S BEDROOM, BRENNER APARTMENT - THE FURTHER

We are now in The Further.

Elise looks around. She is afraid.

ELISE
Hello?

She stands up and floats towards the bedroom door, then turns back to see HERSELF - still poised in the chair.

A GLOW suddenly alights within the paper lantern Quinn made. Elise turns to it, startled.

VOICE (O.S.)
This way...

She grips it by the handle and holds it out in front of her.

INT. QUINN'S BEDROOM, BRENNER APARTMENT - DAY

Quinn and Shane watch as Elise twitches, hypnotized. Her voice is almost inaudible as it escapes her pursed lips:

ELISE
This way...

Quinn and Shane exchange a look.

INT. HALLWAY, BRENNER APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS - THE FURTHER

Elise steps into the dank hall.

No sign of life. She keeps moving - stopping in front of a mirror. Glaring at her reflection. She holds the lantern up to the mirror.

She forces herself to move on, entering the --

INT. LIVING ROOM, BRENNER APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS -THE FURTHER

-- small living room.

Her eyes skim across it, searching the darkened corners for any signs of "life".

INT. HALLWAY, APARTMENT BUILDING - THE FURTHER

Nervous, Elise treads into the hallway. A long corridor yawns out in front of her, ending with the elevator.

Elise steps forward. Each door lining the hallway is OPEN.

She peers into the first door. It is empty...until a frightened looking woman walks into view. She glares at Elise, terrified. There is a ROPE MARK around her neck.

ELISE
Where is the man who can't breathe?

FRIGHTENED WOMAN
I didn't know what else to do...I had to tell him he was bothering me. I didn't know.

In another room, Elise sees a man tied to a couch. He shivers glistening with sweat. A gag in his mouth.

As Elise moves past the man, his left eye MOVES ACROSS HIS FACE, FOLLOWING ELISE. It moves down his cheek to his NECK, watching her as she goes.

Further down, there is a woman standing against the wall, facing it, in a short, dirty night gown. Modern, not Victorian. Her scraggly, oily blonde hair coils down her back. She presses her forehead against the wall of the corridor, keeping her back to Elise.

Elise steps forward, very carefully.

ELISE
Where is the man who can't breathe?

Another step.

Elise is close enough to touch the woman now. She reaches out. Slowly.

AND THEN THE WOMAN REACHES UP, HER ARMS PARTING HER LONG HAIR TO REVEAL A FACE ON THE BACK OF HER HEAD.

The woman shrieks at Elise - not with anger, but fear - charging BACKWARDS TOWARDS HER.

BLONDE WOMAN
Go away! Go awaaaaay!

Elise staggers backwards, retreating down the hall. She reaches the elevator.

IT OPENS.

VOICE (O.S.)
Keep going...

ELISE
I'm not going any further than this.

VOICE (O.S.)
Hurry...

Elise waits. She looks back. Then takes a deep breath and steps inside the elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR - THE FURTHER

With dread, Elise watches the elevator doors close.

It descends soundlessly.

INT. QUINN'S BEDROOM, BRENNER APARTMENT - DAY

Elise tightens her grip on Shane and Quinn's hands, her head lolling slighting on her shoulders.

INT. ELEVATOR/BLACK VOID - THE FURTHER

The elevator doors lumber open.

A pitch black void lurks beyond it, like an open mouth into a beast.

Elise advances into the void, terrified. No light is reflected anywhere. She holds the lantern aloft but it reveals nothing.

She turns back - the elevator is gone.

She keeps moving, seeing a HOUSE up ahead, materializing out of the dusk. She approaches it, not recognizing it.

It is the second Lambert house. The house where Elise was killed.

She reaches the front door.

VOICE (O.S.)
In here.

Elise opens the door.

INT. SECOND LAMBERT HOUSE - THE FURTHER

The door breezes open.

Elise enters an empty living room, filled with the ordinary furniture of a suburban family.

She can see the top of someone's head as they sit in a chair with their back to Elise. Whispering to themselves.

Elise approaches...very slowly.

Eventually she reaches the person. It is a woman, wearing a plaster mask, focused on the floor. She <u>never</u> looks at Elise.

ELISE
Where did it go?

WOMAN
You should never have come this far. She tricked you.

ELISE
Where is she?

The woman points up at a darkened corner of the room, singing to herself.

WOMAN
I always wanted to know...how I would go...tell me friend...how I meet my end.

Elise approaches the darkened corner the woman indicated.

Closer...closer...

AND THEN IN A SHRIEKING GUST OF ACTION, A WOMAN DRESSED IN A BLACK DRESS, HER FACE COVERED BY A VEIL, CHARGES OUT OF THE CORNER TOWARDS ELISE!

Elise staggers back as the woman in black clamps her fingers around Elise's throat, SLAMMING HER BACK into the chair that was once occupied by the elderly woman.

Elise lands, scratching at her fingers. Choking. It is an exact recreation of her death at the hands of Josh.

BRIDE IN BLACK
This is how you die!

INT. QUINN'S BEDROOM, BRENNER APARTMENT - DAY

Quinn and Shane recoil with fear as they watch Elise FLY THROUGH THE AIR, SMASHING INTO WALL. She falls to the ground, scraping and clawing at her neck.

Choking.

Dying.

She topples onto her knees, desperate to breathe. Spit flies from her mouth as she struggles with the invisible hands.

The life is going out of her. She thumps across the floor, still on her knees...her whole body lurching and shuddering.

QUINN
Elise...Elise!

Shane rushes to her.

SHANE
Elise!! Wake up!

The shout opens Elise's eyes, flooded with fear. She screams one last time, wrenching away the unseen force.

She buckles forward, coughing and heaving. Sucking in the breaths that will save her life.

She wobbles to her feet, still rubbing her neck. She turns to Quinn. Can barely get the words out:

ELISE
I...I went into their world...

Quinn quakes with fear as she listens.

ELISE (CONT'D)
The woman who wants to kill me...she was waiting for me...I'm sorry...I can't help you.

She staggers from the room, rushing to the door of the apartment and running as fast as she can through it.

Quinn watches her go with absolute terror in her large eyes.

INT. QUINN'S BEDROOM, BRENNER APARTMENT - NIGHT

A bedside lamp provides the only light as Alex enters Quinn's room, carrying a tray of food.

He camps beside Quinn's bed, dipping a spoon into a bowl of tomato soup. She is too weak to lift her arm.

Shane sneaks in, standing at the back of the room and watching. Touched by this connection between his kids.

Alex spoon feeds Quinn. She slurps the soup. Then another spoonful, making a face.

ALEX
You don't like it?

QUINN
I...can't taste it...I can't taste anything anymore.

She reaches out and takes his hand.

QUINN (CONT'D)
Look after dad. That's your job now.

ALEX
No. It's my job to look after you. Nothin's gonna happen to you on my watch, got it?

INT. ALEX'S BEDROOM, BRENNER APARTMENT - NIGHT

Alex is bent in front of his computer, Shane standing beside him.

ALEX
I'm telling you dad, these guys can help.

He pokes the keys and a website appears with chunky graphics.

ALEX (CONT'D)
They find ghosts and get rid of them. They have one on tape.

He hits PLAY on a viewing window and the same GREEN TINTED night-vision camera footage he was watching earlier appears.

The camera stalks through a darkened house.

SPECS (V.O.)
What you can see are the actual rooms of the Kent Hotel as they were in the seventies when it closed. Nothing has been touched since then.

ALEX
They have a whole web series. It's the coolest.

He turns the volume up. Across the screen, the words **WHAT YOU'RE ABOUT TO SEE IS ACTUAL RECORDED FOOTAGE OF A GHOST.**

Alex turns to Shane.

ALEX (CONT'D)
They're the best. They found a house that was being haunted and they cleaned it. I swear.

INT. LIVING ROOM, BRENNER APARTMENT - NIGHT

SPECS and TUCKER face us. Tucker sets a heavy bag on the floor.

They are both dishevelled. Tucker has a MOHAWK and a T-shirt stained with food. He is eating a cupcake. Has a bone though his nose. Much less put together than when we met them.

Shane and Alex stare at them.

SHANE
Hey, I'm Shane. I'm Quinn's dad.

TUCKER
Tucker.

SPECS
Specs.

They shake hands.

SHANE
My son is a big fan of your website.

TUCKER
Web series.

ALEX
I showed him that episode where you got rid of that ghost from that one hotel. The boiler room ghost.

TUCKER
Some of my best editing on that one.

SPECS
Definitely some of our best editing.

SHANE
Do you do a lot of this kind of thing? Ghost hunting?

TUCKER
All the time.

SPECS
It's actually all we do. We literally don't do anything else.

SHANE
So what happens now?

TUCKER
Probably five. Maybe four.

SHANE
What?

Tucker turns his head and points to a BLUETOOTH EARPIECE. He is on a phone call.

TUCKER
Okay, I better go. I'm with some people.

INT. QUINN'S BEDROOM, BRENNER APARTMENT - NIGHT

The door opens and Specs and Tucker inch inside. Quinn regards them. They pause, repelled by how sickly she is.

INT. QUINN'S BEDROOM, BRENNER APARTMENT - LATER

Tucker straps a thin band around Quinn's forehead. Shane watches, curious.

TUCKER
This is outfitted with a small lens. It's a hidden camera device basically, but we're not going to hide it. We're keeping it right out in the open.

SPECS
To capture anything that occurs tonight.

Tucker fits a small lapel mic to her pyjamas.

TUCKER
This'll be our sound back up. Any noise will be recorded here.

QUINN
What do I do?

SPECS
Nothing. Just go to sleep like you normally would.

Tucker holds up a small, handheld video monitor.

TUCKER
We'll be the ones who stay awake.

EXT. LAMBERT HOUSE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

A familiar house cuts into the night sky above us.

INT. FRONT DOOR AREA, LAMBERT HOUSE - NIGHT

A knock at the door. A figure opens it, revealing Elise. She has the air of someone running from powerful forces.

We reveal the homeowner - it is LORRAINE LAMBERT. She is concerned to see Elise is such bad shape.

LORRAINE
Last time you knocked on that door, I was the one who looked like they'd seen a ghost.

ELISE
Last time I knocked on that door, I was young and stupid enough to think seeing ghosts was a fun way to make a living.

INT. KITCHEN, LAMBERT HOUSE - NIGHT

Elise slouches pensively over the kitchen table. Lorraine collects two coffee cups and a tray of cookies and sets the loot down between them.

ELISE
Thank you.

They sit in silence for a moment, until Lorraine abruptly laughs. Tries to mask it but can't hold it in.

LORRAINE
I'm so sorry...I'm just thinking of the last time I saw you. Remember we went to see that play in that little theatre? And you couldn't stop laughing the whole show.

Elise can't help it, she breaks into a smile.

ELISE
I heard one of the actors fart. I swear to God.

Now they're both laughing. In hysterics.

LORRAINE
That's right! So funny. You are a menace to society.

The laughter dies and the fear returns to Elise's eyes.

ELISE
I'm so used to being the one who's trying to cheer people up. For years I would sit across from someone who was so afraid, and I would try to help them.
(beat)
Now I'm the one who's afraid.

LORRAINE
What is it that you're afraid of?

ELISE
I went too far. I tried to talk to Jack after he died. I needed to.
(beat)
But now there's someone on the other side who keeps telling me that she's going to kill me. And I think I've seen her before.

Elise reaches across the table and takes Lorraine's hand.

ELISE (CONT'D)
I need to see those photos you showed me, all those years ago. Of Josh. Did you keep them?

The very thought of the photos unsettles Lorraine.

LORRAINE
Yes. I did.

INT. KITCHEN, LAMBERT HOUSE - LATER

Lorraine leafs through a series of photographs. In all of them, Lorraine's son JOSH is in the foreground. In the background, the muddy image of an old woman.

Elise reaches one where the woman can be seen more clearly.

ELISE
That's her.

Elise leans in, examining the photo.

ELISE (CONT'D)
She says that one day, eventually, I'm going to die by her hand. And I believe her. That's why I had to stop using my gift. But now I'm realizing that my gift is all I have. It's all I am.

LORRAINE
First of all, you're more than one thing. You're a wonderful person. Second, you've been helping people get rid of these kinds of spirits for so long, eventually one of them was going to come after you. One thing you told me is that they lie.

ELISE
I don't think this one is lying.

LORRAINE
You can't be afraid of her. You're stronger then her. You're alive.

This gets to Elise.

ELISE
Did I help you, Lorraine?

LORRAINE
More than you'll ever know. As far as I'm concerned, you gave me my son back. You saved my family.

Lorraine reaches for something on the kitchen counter. It's a photo of her son JOSH as a grown man. He is standing with his wife, RENAI, and two young BOYS.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)
This is Josh today. It's hard to believe that he has a family of his own now. These are his sons, Dalton and Foster.
(beat)
Josh doesn't remember what you did for him. But I do.

Elise stares at the photo, disturbed by it. She fixes on DALTON.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)
And I don't ever want you to stop helping other families like us. They need you too much.

ELISE
If you ever need me again...just call, Lorraine. Remember that.

INT. LIVING ROOM, BRENNER APARTMENT - NIGHT

It's late. The clock on the video screen reads 12.28 AM.

The handheld monitor screen displays a stable green NIGHT-VISION shot of Quinn's ceiling, the mobile swaying slightly.

It is Quinn's point of view.

Tucker yawns, struggling. Shane follows with a yawn. Alex is on the couch, eating cereal straight from the box.

Tucker points at him.

TUCKER
Can I have some?

Alex offers the box. The monitor blinks on and off. Tucker smacks it with his palm.

TUCKER (CONT'D)
Come on! Jesus.

SHANE
So when you guys say you're ghost hunters, what does that mean?

TUCKER
We hunt ghosts.

SHANE
How do you hunt a ghost?

SPECS
Mostly you sit around in dark rooms and say "is anybody there?" and then you wait for a response.

SHANE
Interesting. How often do you get a response?

SPECS
Not very often. Never, basically.

SHANE
So how long do you sit there for?

SPECS
A few hours. Four or five, at most.

TUCKER
It’s really fun.

An awkward beat.

INT. LIVING ROOM, BRENNER APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tucker’s head falls forward as he nods off. The video screen frame on his lap has not moved.

Shane gets up and stretches.

And then the screen moves. The washed out green frame RISES slowly towards the CEILING.

Neither Specs or Tucker see it.

The lights in the living room suddenly CUT OUT. The EMF reader chirps and glows red.

SHANE
What the...?

This stirs Tucker awake. He glances down at the monitor.

TUCKER
She’s up.

Shane and Specs lean over Tucker’s shoulder.

On the monitor, we see the night-vision shot glide smoothly PAST THE WHEELCHAIR in the corner of Quinn’s room.

SHANE
No, she can’t do that. That’s impossible.

The SHOT keeps moving to the bedroom door and it opens. The camera’s POV advances through it into the hallway...

...then STOPS.

Shane, Specs and Tucker all turn towards the dark hallway that extends beyond the living room.

Specs flicks on a flashlight.

The monitor blinks on and off again. Tucker hits it.

On the monitor, Tucker can see the flashlight probing the mouth of the hallway.

Specs gets up, approaching the hall.

SPECS
Quinn?

He reaches the entrance to the hallway. Tucker watches him appear on the monitor, facing the camera POV, flared in green light.

The camera POV on Tucker's monitor moves way from the hall, entering an adjacent room.

INT. HALLWAY, BRENNER APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tucker watches the vision on the monitor go blank. As if Quinn were facing a white wall.

Shane steals Specs' flashlight from him.

SHANE
I gotta go get her.

SPECS
Yeah, good idea. You should.

Shane strides down the hall, Specs and Tucker behind him. The whole time, Tucker keeps his eyes on the monitor in his hand.

A heartbeat, along with rasped respiration, spits out of the speaker on it.

SHANE
Quinn?

They hustle into Shane's bedroom.

INT. SHANE'S BEDROOM, BRENNER APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The flashlight beam swords through the room, highlighting piles of clothes.

As they advance inside, the monitor does not betray Quinn's location.

SHANE
Quinn, honey? Where are you?

Shane turns to leave - until Tucker grips his arm.

TUCKER
Not yet.

He takes the flashlight in Shane's hand, aiming it towards the built-in venetian style CLOSET against the far wall.

The monitor flares with the flashlight beam.

Tucker points at the closet.

The three of them advance towards it.

As they do, we see their silhouettes grow on the monitor, between the slats of the closet.

Shane leans in, gripping the door handle.

Half of his chin looms large on the monitor, cut off by the slats.

Shane opens the closet door.

Now we can see Shane's face clearly on the monitor. Tucker stares at it with horror.

The crackling heartbeat pulses from out of the speaker.

Faster. Faster.

That is the only sound.

SHANE
Quinn...?

He reaches outward. His hand appears huge on the monitor, blocking the lens.

SHANE (CONT'D)
Get the light over here.

Tucker whisks the flashlight onto the closet. Rows of clothes hang neatly.

Shane claws through them, his fingers actually TOUCHING the camera and causing the shot on the monitor to move.

Finally, Shane's fingers locate the headband camera, dangling from a coat hanger.

Shane pries it free, perplexed. He holds it up for Specs and Tucker to see.

SHANE (CONT'D)
She took it off.

Tucker glances down at the monitor --

-- AND HIS BLOOD STOPS MOVING.

HE SEES HIMSELF - WITH QUINN STANDING RIGHT BEHIND HIM.

She lets loose with a guttural BELLOW that punches them all in the gut with its primal pitch.

She KICKS Tucker, the cast on her leg SMASHING into his shin with SAVAGE FORCE.

He crumples like paper, landing on his knees.

Quinn LAUNCHES herself at her father, wailing and flailing, shoving him onto the floor.

She stares at him, then walks over to the bed - WALLOPING her left leg into it with such impact that the cast BREAKS.

The plaster cracks and splinters, leaving her leg bare.

As her father watches in horror, she rears up her other leg and SMASHES IT DOWN on the bed base. Once. Twice.

The plaster cracks. She keeps her eyes on them as she does this. Smiling. Not even blinking.

Finally the plaster SHATTERS in a white cloud of debris and unveils another bruised and blackened limb.

Shaking off the remains of the cast, Quinn steps forward on her broken, shaky legs. Each step CRACKS with fractured bones. Skin still wet with the grime of the plaster.

She fixes her gaze on Shane, who is lying on his back.

QUINN
You're a useless fucking father. Your wife had to die to get away from you. And now I'd rather be dead too. But I'm gonna leave you alive to watch you suffer.
(beat)
I'll be waiting for you in the dark when the pain finally kills you.

Each word is like a sledgehammer to Shane.

She advances on him slowly, her legs unable to move with speed.

Instead of attacking him though, she picks up a POCKET KNIFE and holds it to her own throat.

SHANE
NOOOOO!!!

Shane HURLS himself at her, tackling her to the ground. She SHRIEKS and the clamor is deafening.

SHANE (CONT'D)
Help!!

Tucker is unable to move, his leg in too much pain. Specs LEAPS off the floor, diving in and pinning Quinn's arm down.

He pries the knife free.

QUINN
Get off me!!

They roll around the floor until Shane GRABS a JUMP ROPE. He wraps it around her arms, binding them to her body as she THRASHES wildly.

Alex appears in the doorway, stupefied with terror.

SHANE
Alex, get her wheelchair!

He races away, returning with the wheelchair. Specs and Shane HEAVE her into the chair.

SHANE (CONT'D)
Get some cable from my work kit!

Alex bounds away again, returning with a roll of black cable. Shane and Specs wrap it around her.

Quinn struggles, finally running out of energy. Her head falls forward and her body goes slack.

Her breathing echoes out from the monitor. Tucker limps to his feet.

TUCKER
She's still breathing.

SHANE
What do we do?

SPECS
You need to decide that for yourself, we're not qualified for this.

ALEX
I thought this is what you did?

SPECS
No. We don't. We sit in dark empty rooms. We don't do things like this. This is way out of our league.

SHANE
Wait a minute - are you saying you have no idea how to help us?

TUCKER
Well...I...

SHANE
Are you saying you're just a couple of god damned internet pranksters?!

They have no response. Shane is livid.

SHANE (CONT'D)
I let you into my home, you bastards!

He rushes them, fists raised, and they flinch.

ALEX
Dad!

Alex barrels in front of Shane, blocking his path.

ALEX (CONT'D)
It's my fault! Don't blame them!

Shane is breathing hard, ready for a fight.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Stop it, dad! Stop it! This isn't helping Quinn!

Shane backs away. Still furious. Still locked on them.

SHANE
Get out. Get out of my house. Now.

Specs and Tucker sheepishly back away. As they turn to the door, they are shocked to see --

ELISE. Repose in the doorway.

She surveys the room calmly.

ELISE
Let them stay. We may need them.

SHANE
Need them for what?

ELISE
To help me get rid of the foul parasite that's attached itself to your daughter.

INT. LIVING ROOM, BRENNER APARTMENT - NIGHT

Elise paces the living room, holding court with Shane, Specs and Tucker. Her strength has returned. The old Elise is back.

Alex slips through the front door.

SHANE
I told you to stay at Ernesto's.

ALEX
No. I wanna be here.

SHANE
Alex, do what I say.

ALEX
I'm not leaving, dad.

ELISE
We need him. Quinn has to be surrounded by love. It makes her strong.

Elise fronts the darkened hallway.

SHANE
What now?

ELISE
First, I want to talk to it.

INT. QUINN'S BEDROOM, BRENNER APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dark. Oh so dark.

Elise enters, stumbling her way through the murk. As her eyes adjust, her pupils dilate and fix on Quinn.

She is upright in her wheelchair, still tied with the cables, her head sagging forward, hair dangling. Very still.

Elise closes the door behind her, then tip-toes forward, light footed.

She reaches Quinn. Could touch her. She squats down to Quinn’s level.

Reaches out...

Her fingers graze across Quinn’s hair like a harp.

The silence itself is the sound of fear.

Quinn doesn’t move a muscle.

Elise steps back, grabbing a desk chair and dragging it into place in front of Quinn. She takes a seat and closes her eyes. Takes a deep breath.

ELISE
I know you’re here. I want to talk to you.

The silence is not spoiled.

ELISE (CONT’D)
Speak with me now.

We HOLD ON ELISE, never cutting away. Her face is all we need to see. In the foreground is the blurred edge of Quinn.

ELISE (CONT’D)
I know that you are here, I can feel you.

And then we see it. BEHIND HER, the curtain moves. No sound joins it.

A figure, silhouetted by the streetlight sneaking in from outside, steps out from behind the curtain silently.

It is the black shape of a person. That is all we can see.

We’re STILL HOLDING on Elise as the figure gets closer.

The figure stops right behind her.

Elise keeps her eyes closed but shivers slightly. Cold now.

ELISE (CONT’D)
Leave her. She belongs to this world, not yours.

There is a long beat...and then a wet WHISPER silvers out of the dark behind Elise.

It is inaudible to us. Incomprehensible.

ELISE (CONT'D)
No. You're wrong. She has a lot of life left in her.

The slurred tones creep into our ears once more, only the sibilants popping out amongst the other garble.

ELISE (CONT'D)
No, she didn't. She didn't go to you. You found her. Why can't you leave her alone? You see the love that surrounds her. Why do you need her?

More jumbled whispers.

ELISE (CONT'D)
She's never going to be your child. She'll always be a surrogate. A replacement.

The figure behind her reaches up, touching Elise's hair.

This time, Elise stiffens. She gulps. Afraid.

She opens her eyes.

Quinn is awake, her head raised. Her eyes plead with Elise, all of her innocence returned.

QUINN
Help me, Elise...don't let it take me away.

INT. LIVING ROOM, BRENNER APARTMENT - NIGHT

Elise holds a wet cloth to her forehead. The room is dark.

ELISE
This entity...is very powerful. It's a spirit who used to live in this building. A long time ago. It's been alone for a long time, but she's making it stronger. It's feeding on her life force.

SPECS
It wants to possess her?

ELISE
No. Usually entities of this type, living in the dark...they want to possess the bodies of the living.
(MORE)

ELISE (CONT'D)
To leave the dark and return to life.
(beat)
But there is another kind of spirit. An even worse kind. One who doesn't want to leave the dark. One who wants the souls of the living to join it in the shadows.

She looks up at their fearful faces.

SPECS
Why?

ELISE
It wants to keep her. As a plaything. A pet. A daughter. Quinn attracted it with her need to see her mother.

FLASHCUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY, BRENNER APARTMENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

We are transported to the opening scene - a POV shot PULLING OUT OF THE AIR CONDITIONER.

Sailing towards Quinn's bedroom.

ELISE (V.O.)
It could smell her need. So it pretended to be her mother.

INT. QUINN'S BEDROOM, BRENNER APARTMENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Quinn stands up on her bed, listening to the vent.

VOICE (O.S.)
Quinn...

EXT. QUIET SIDE STREET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

We see Quinn crossing the street.

ELISE (V.O.)
It caused her accident, but she was too strong.

As she crosses, she suddenly stops in the middle of the road. We see the SHADOWY FIGURE, staring at her from the opposite side of the street.

Quinn stops and gazes at the figure, distracted.

<u>And then a car WALLOPS INTO HER</u>.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Quinn opens her eyes as EMT workers scramble around her.

ELISE
She hung on. Now it's draining her.

INT. LIVING ROOM, BRENNER APARTMENT - PRESENT

Elise paces.

ALEX
She said she couldn't taste the food I was giving her.

ELISE
That's part of it. She's only half a person right now. After the accident, it got half of her soul. It needs all of it. And if we don't hurry, it will get it.

SHANE
What do we do?

ELISE
To bring all of your daughter back, I'm going to have to go to where it lives.

She circles around the room, reaching Specs and Tucker's equipment box. She plucks the monitor off the top of it.

ELISE (CONT'D)
You can record everything? Even in the dark?

TUCKER
Yeah. Of course. I'm the technology part of this team.

ELISE
Then you better get set up.

She turns to Specs.

ELISE (CONT'D)
And what's your contribution?

SPECS
Um...I write our blog.

ELISE
Okay then. Write down everything I describe to you while I'm under.
(beat)
If you can keep up, that is.

INT. QUINN'S BEDROOM, BRENNER APARTMENT - NIGHT

The group has surrounded Quinn, including Alex.

Tucker adjusts his camera, rotating the night-vision lens until the frame encompasses the whole room.

Specs takes a seat beside Elise. Tucker fights him for it but he gets it.

Shane takes Alex's hand. Shane is WAY out of his depth here. For the first time, we see him look truly afraid.

ALEX
It's okay dad. I'm here.

Shane smiles.

SHANE
Thanks son.

Elise is at center stage, sitting directly opposite Quinn, who remains tied to the wheelchair.

The only light is provided by Quinn's homemade lamp, which sits on a small table in front of Elise.

ELISE
Now I'm going into another plane.

Specs jots down everything she says.

SPECS
Into another...plane.

ELISE
Stay strong, no matter what happens or what you see.

More scrawl from Specs.

SPECS
Strong...no matter what you...

ELISE
Maybe just write it down. Try not to talk.

SPECS
Got it. This unknown plane, do you have a name for it?

ELISE
Let's call it...The Further.

SPECS
Cool name.

ELISE
Now...we're going to be quiet.
(beat)
Into The Further we go.

And with that, Elise closes her eyes once more. She is very still. A practiced stillness.

ELISE (CONT'D)
I'm here. It's dark.

Specs takes down what she says in quick cursive stabs.

ELISE (CONT'D)
I'm entering the hallway.

FLASHCUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY, APARTMENT BUILDING - THE FURTHER

Elise steps slowly, almost floats, down the corridor. The elevator faces her at the end of the hall.

She is holding Quinn's lantern in front of her. She passes an apartment door. It is OPEN.

Elise steps towards it.

INT. QUINN'S BEDROOM, BRENNER APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Elise twitches, her eyes darting around beneath her eyelids.

INT. APARTMENT - THE FURTHER

Elise prods the door. It groans open further and reveals the same frightened woman that she encountered earlier - standing in the center of the room.

FRIGHTENED WOMAN
I had to tell him...he was bothering me.

ELISE
Had to tell who? The man who can't breathe?

The woman nods fearfully.

ELISE (CONT'D)
You lived in this building too. His spirit drove you to kill yourself, didn't it?
(beat)
Where is he?

The frightened woman points up at the ceiling.

FRIGHTENED WOMAN
Up there. I can still hear him through the walls.

ELISE
Show me.

The woman shuffles past Elise into the hall.

INT. QUINN'S BEDROOM, BRENNER APARTMENT - SAME TIME

All eyes are on Elise.

ELISE
We're going upstairs...

INT. ELEVATOR/UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - THE FURTHER

Elise waits behind the frightened woman. The doors to the elevator part, unveiling another corridor.

The woman leads the way.

She leads Elise to the apartment directly above Quinn's. The door is closed.

FRIGHTENED WOMAN
He's in there. From the day we moved in, I used to hear him. He had a lung disease. Then he jumped out the window...
(beat)
(MORE)

FRIGHTENED WOMAN (CONT'D)
...but I could still hear him after that. Walking around. Talking to me. Saying horrible things. He made me do it.

She runs the scar on her neck. Elise recoils in horror.

ELISE
He’s collecting souls. Young women.

INT. QUINN’S BEDROOM, BRENNER APARTMENT - SAME TIME

We PUSH IN on Elise.

ELISE
Collecting souls...

INT. UPSTAIRS APARTMENT - THE FURTHER

The door opens.

What was formerly an empty apartment is now fully furnished.

The furniture feels older - from the seventies. Not modern. Drab couches and a worn writing desk.

Elise strides into the apartment. She turns back and sees that the frightened woman has stayed behind.

FRIGHTENED WOMAN
I can’t go in there.

Elise nods and continues. Then her ears stop her. A RASPING BREATH interrupts. The sluggish inhalations of the dying.

She wheels on the sound.

It is coming from the bedroom door - the same one where Shane and Quinn encountered the demon.

She steps closer. Wisps of ground fog clear a path for her.

There is a smear of BLACK BLOOD on the bedroom door handle.

INT. QUINN’S BEDROOM, BRENNER APARTMENT - SAME TIME

We keep PUSHING IN on Elise at the center of the circle, intercutting quicker now.

ELISE
I can hear breathing...

INT. UPSTAIRS APARTMENT - THE FURTHER

The keening sound increases in volume as Elise gets closer.

She reaches out with a trembling hand.

INT. QUINN'S BEDROOM, BRENNER APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Still PUSHING IN, we see Elise tremble, gripping the lantern in front of her.

INT. UPSTAIRS APARTMENT - THE FURTHER

Her hand touches the door handle, forcing it open. It reveals nothing but darkness. True black.

The machine-like breathing gets louder with the exposure.

INT. QUINN'S BEDROOM, BRENNER APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Elise FILLS THE FRAME NOW, the others out of shot.

ELISE
I can hear it.

INT. BEDROOM, UPSTAIRS APARTMENT - THE FURTHER

Elise raises the lantern, illuminating something a few feet away.

Something we can't quite make out.

INT. QUINN'S BEDROOM, BRENNER APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Elise braces with anticipation.

ELISE
I know you're there.

<u>AND SUDDENLY THE BRIDE IN BLACK LEANS INTO ELISE'S FACE.</u>

BRIDE IN BLACK
I'm right here!

Elise opens her eyes in our world - or what she <u>THOUGHT</u> was our world - and SCREAMS as the Bride In Black CLAMPS a hand around her throat and HURLS her backwards against the wall.

Elise hits it, dazed.

She is back in Quinn's bedroom, but it is dark and no one else is there.

She is in The Further.

The Bride In Black wraps her bony fingers around Elise's throat.

BRIDE IN BLACK (CONT'D)
You took the boy away from me.

INT. QUINN'S BEDROOM, BRENNER APARTMENT - SAME TIME

We return to the REAL world version of Quinn's apartment.

The rest of the group - including Quinn - recoil as they watch Elise grapple with the unseen force.

She rakes at her throat with her fingers, just as she did before with Quinn and Shane.

INT. QUINN'S BEDROOM - THE FURTHER

Elise thrashes against the Bride In Black, but she is too strong.

She drives Elise to her knees, giggling with glee. Elise's eyes bulge with the knowing terror of the dying.

FLASHCUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN, LAMBERT HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Elise is sitting with Lorraine as we saw earlier.

LORRAINE
You're stronger than they are...you're alive.

INT. QUINN'S BEDROOM - THE FURTHER

Lorraine's words charge Elise. She rises to her feet.

BRIDE IN BLACK
This is how you die.

ELISE
Not today it isn't.

She shoves her arms between her attackers and breaks her hold, then picks her up by the scruff of her dress.

ELISE (CONT'D)
Go back to your home in the dark.

Elise HURLS her backwards and she SCREAMS, afraid. She hits the wall, her power diminished. Elise is defiant.

BRIDE IN BLACK
When I meet you again, it'll be in a human body.

And with that, she is gone.

INT. QUINN'S BEDROOM, BRENNER APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Elise relaxes, sucking in breaths. Free.

The rest of the group relaxes with her.

INT. QUINN'S BEDROOM - THE FURTHER

Elise collects the lantern from the floor, then marches back through the door.

INT. ELEVATOR/CORRIDOR - THE FURTHER

The elevator doors open silently. Elise strides into the corridor, heading for the apartment once more.

INT. UPSTAIRS APARTMENT - THE FURTHER

The lantern comes first, then Elise.

With trepidation, she approaches the bedroom door.

It is still cracked open. She nudges it open further, stepping inside.

INT. BEDROOM, UPSTAIRS APARTMENT - THE FURTHER

By the light of the lantern, Elise cuts a path through the impossibly dark room.

It is decorated shabbily, much as the living room is. A sagging bed occupies most of the space.

A FIGURE is sitting on the bed, its back to Elise.

She approaches the figure, stern.

ELISE
Let her go.

She reaches the figure, but it does not turn.

ELISE (CONT'D)
Do you hear me?

Agonizing seconds pass. The figure turns. It is an older man of about 60, hair combed neatly. Passive expression.

Elise FREEZES. Her hand moves to her mouth.

ELISE (CONT'D)
Jack...

The man smiles. It is Elise's husband. We recognize him from the photo in Elise's house.

JACK
Hi Elly.

She is too stunned to speak. He pats the bed next to him.

JACK (CONT'D)
Sit with me.

ELISE
What...what are you doing here?

JACK
I could feel that you were here and
I had to find you.

Elise can't help it. She sits next to him. He seems so real.

She buries her face in his shoulder.

ELISE
Oh Jack...I've missed you. So much.

JACK
I know. I know.

ELISE
How am I supposed to move on? I
never even got to say goodbye.

JACK
Maybe you can move on.

She lifts her head from his shoulder, confused.

JACK (CONT'D)
I can't exist anywhere without you. So I wanted to ask you to join me here.
(beat)
You would have to give up your other life.

He hands her a straight RAZOR.

JACK (CONT'D)
Stop breathing in your world. Like I did. Stay with me here. But you have to do it, I can't make you.

Elise takes the razor.

JACK (CONT'D)
Don't you want to be with me?

Elise stares at it.

ELISE
The word 'want' isn't strong enough. And my turn to cross over will come...

She looks into his pleading eyes.

ELISE (CONT'D)
...but I know my Jack would never ask me to do this, demon.

She SLASHES him across the face with the RAZOR and he SHRIEKS, clutching his face and staggering across the room.

ELISE (CONT'D)
Give me the girl now or I'll do a whole lot worse.

The demons seems to be sobbing - but the sound becomes laughter. Maniacal giggling.

The creature turns around. Its face is hidden in shadow, but we can see the surgical mask.

What is unmistakable is its severe emphysema-soaked breathing.

ELISE (CONT'D)
Give her back.

The demons laughter fades away. Black drool seeps from its mouth. It claps twice.

A figure crawls out from the dark corner, on hands and knees. It is the same misshapen body that Quinn saw.

She drags herself forward, looking up at Elise. She is missing an arm, and her legs below the knee.

The dermis of her face is SMOOTH, there are no features on it. No eyes, no nose. Only a mouth.

With horror, Elise see that it is QUINN. Or at least it is <u>almost Quinn</u>.

This part of Quinn's soul drags herself along the floor, and then thumps lightly on it. THREE TIMES.

Her voice is hoarse - HALF a voice.

QUINN
Help...me...

The creature smiles, laughing with a demented glee.

DEMON
Almost dead.

ELISE
You may have half of her. But I'm whole. And I'm really strong.

She MARCHES FORWARD and SHOVES the demon backwards, then picks up Quinn and cradles her.

The creature lets out a banshee WAIL that could pierce eardrums and stomps down.

The room LURCHES to the side, ALL OF THE FURNITURE IN IT FLYING AGAINST THE WALL.

Elise carries Quinn to the door.

INT. QUINN'S BEDROOM, BRENNER APARTMENT - NIGHT

The room QUAKES VIOLENTLY in this world too, shelves evacuating everything. Anything not nailed down flies.

The group links hands tighter.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY, APARTMENT BUILDING - THE FURTHER

Elise weaves forward, Quinn in her arms. Blind.

The demon BREACHES the door behind them, trampling after them.

Elise and Quinn bound into the elevator, the doors closing --

-- just as the creature lunges an arm inside, SWIPING at them.

INT. QUINN'S BEDROOM, BRENNER APARTMENT - NIGHT

Frantic, Shane breaks his grip on Alex's hand and approaches Elise.

SHANE
Elise, wake up!

INT. HALLWAY, APARTMENT BUILDING - THE FURTHER

Elise and Quinn exit the elevator, loping forward through the dark and silent corridor.

Each door in the hallway is open, a figure peering out at them. Dozens of eyes, all following them.

They reach the door to Quinn's apartment.

INT. LIVING ROOM, BRENNER APARTMENT - THE FURTHER

The door glides open, Elise still cradling Quinn.

INT. HALLWAY, BRENNER APARTMENT - THE FURTHER

We stay at the end of the corridor and watch Elise and Quinn hammer up the corridor towards Quinn's room.

Without warning, the demon MARCHES from within Shane's room, attacking both of them.

It SEIZES Elise by the throat, casting her backwards with such force that she cannons down the hall, belly-flopping onto the floor.

Dazed, Elise picks herself up and races back towards the demon. It cradles Quinn, careful, almost loving.

Elise grabs it and spins it around.

Elise STAMPS down on the floor and the floorboards fall away beneath the demon, unveiling a pitch black pit.

The demon plummets but manages to snag the edges of the floorboards, just as Elise spins towards Quinn.

She scoops her up, running with her towards her own body.

INT. QUINN'S BEDROOM - THE FURTHER

Elise sprints towards Quinn's body.

The demon lands directly behind Quinn. It plants its gnarled fingers on her shoulders.

ELISE
No!

She shoulders the demon, then shoves Quinn towards her own body.

Elise SURGES back towards her own body and DISAPPEARS in this world.

Quinn touches HER OWN face, leaning in towards it --

-- just as the DEMON grapples her.

INT. QUINN'S BEDROOM, BRENNER APARTMENT - NIGHT

Elise opens her eyes with a start. She is back. She turns to Quinn.

Her eyes are open, but empty of life.

Alarmed, Elise kneels in front of her.

ELISE
Quinn! Quinn!

SHANE
What's happening to her?

ELISE
It's got her. Everyone take her hands.

Elise pulls her chair in beside Quinn, clasping her hands.

ELISE (CONT'D)
Come on Quinn, wake up! Don't let it take you!

For a moment, all is quiet. Then the cables binding Quinn BREAK. One by one.

Pop! Pop! Pop!

Shane, Alex, Specs and Tucker all gape at the sight - unable to process what their own eyes are showing them.

ELISE (CONT'D)
Grab her hands!

Shane and Alex hunch around her, dog-piling their hands on top of Elise's.

ELISE (CONT'D)
Come back to us, Quinn. Don't leave.

Quinn arches forward. Dying.

ELISE (CONT'D)
No, no no! Stay with us!

Elise's voice cracks with emotion. This is personal.

ELISE (CONT'D)
Stay with us! Quinn!

We ROTATE around the group as they STRUGGLE to bring Quinn back.

ELISE (CONT'D)
This world is your home. Not that world. This one.

Shane can barely keep it together.

SHANE
What's happening? Is she dying?

ELISE
Just hold on to her.

SHANE
Is she?!

He drills her with a dead serious look. Now is not the time for Elise to lie.

ELISE
Yes.

SHANE
No! No!! Bring her back, you said you could bring her back!

ELISE
You need to help me!

Elise turns her attention to Quinn. Her face is not moving, as remote and inhuman as stone.

ELISE (CONT'D)
Quinn, hear us. Come back to us.

We continue CIRCLING around the group. Quinn opens her mouth and let's a single breath out.

ELISE (CONT'D)
Eve, we need you. We need you now. If you can hear me, your daughter is here and she needs you.

Quinn's eyes slowly close.

SHANE
No, no, no!

Elise stands up, staring at the ceiling. LISTENING.

SHANE (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

ELISE
There was a woman who died here recently...I can hear her.

SHANE
What?!

ELISE
Who died here recently? A few days ago. In this building.

SHANE
Grace. Grace. My neighbor's wife.

ELISE
I can hear her. She's saying something...

Elise presses her palm against the wall. Closes her eyes.

ELISE (CONT'D)
The book. The book. What book?

Elise turns, facing Quinn's bookshelf. She runs her fingers across it, her eyes still closed.

Her finger finally stops on one book in particular. She opens her eyes and pulls it out.

It is QUINN'S DIARY. The same one from the opening scene.

SHANE
Elise, we're losing her!

Elise leafs through the pages, at first filled with chicken scrawl in pen, and then finally blank. Elise comes to the middle of the book. June.

Quinn has scribbled '<u>GRADUATION DAY!!'</u> in cursive stabs on June 5th.

Opposite that is a piece of paper, taped to the page. Elise rips it out.

ELISE
(reading)
Quinn...I wanted you to find this on the day you graduated...

Elise turns to Shane.

ELISE (CONT'D)
This is a letter Eve hid for Quinn to find on her graduation day. She tried to get Quinn to read it early. She <u>was</u> trying to reach Quinn.

FLASCHCUT TO:

INT. QUINN'S BEDROOM, BRENNER APARTMENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The opening scene. Quinn sees the diary on her bed.

FLASHCUT TO:

INT. QUINN'S BEDROOM, BRENNER APARTMENT - PRESENT

Elise charges forward, pressing the letter against Quinn's chest.

ELISE
Eve, I know you were trying to reach Quinn. I know you wanted her to read this letter. Hear me now and help us!

We CIRCLE around the group, huddled around Quinn. As we complete the circle, we see that there is now SOMEONE ELSE SITTING NEXT TO QUINN.

It is a woman...an attractive brunette of about thirty seven. She is holding onto Quinn's hands with the rest of the group, yet she seems calmer than them.

This is Eve Brenner. Quinn's mother.

Neither Alex nor Shane see her...but Elise does. She stares at Eve.

Eve mouths the words to something, but we can't hear it.

Quinn's eyes SUDDENLY open and she sucks in a HUGE BREATH.

She turns to her father.

All eyes are on her. No one breathes.

QUINN
Dad...

SHANE
Baby...

He practically dives at her, wrapping his arms around her like he never has before.

SHANE (CONT'D)
I thought I lost you...I love you so much. You kids are everything to me.

QUINN
I love you too.

Alex joins the hug. Shane peers over Quinn at Elise.

SHANE
Thank you. You did it.

Elise smiles, genuine happiness flooding her.

ELISE
We had some help.

From Elise's point of view, we can see the OUT OF FOCUS figure of EVE, standing in the corner behind Quinn and Shane.

ELISE (CONT'D)
Someone else is here with us.

Quinn's face drops. She breaks the hug, staring at Elise.

QUINN
Who?

ELISE
Someone who really wants to talk to you.

QUINN
Mom...

Elise nods. Quinn whips around, but sees no one.

QUINN (CONT'D)
Where is she?

Quinn and Shane gaze around the room, as if they'll find her.

QUINN (CONT'D)
(to Elise)
I need to know it's real.

Elise focuses on the out of focus figure of Eve.

ELISE
She's saying something...about a stage. An audition? She says that when you were on stage, you wanted to know if she was there...

FLASHCUT TO:

INT. STAGE, AUDITORIUM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Quinn is standing on stage, facing down the glaring lights.

She squints into the seats, unable to see.

The seats are mostly empty, except for a lone male teacher near the front, jotting on a clipboard...but as we PULL BACK, we see the shadow of a woman.

FLASHCUT TO:

INT. QUINN'S BEDROOM, BRENNER APARTMENT - NIGHT

Elise listens to an unheard voice.

ELISE
She was there. She was so proud of you.
(MORE)

ELISE (CONT'D)
(beat)
She wants you to know that you don’t need to look for her anymore, because she’ll always be with you. No matter what. Standing beside you. Even though you can’t see her, she’s there. And any time you feel confused or lost, know that she’s whispering in your ear.
(beat)
She says that everything is going to be okay. There’s a letter coming soon that’s going to make you happy.

Tears fall down Quinn’s face. Shane finally breaks. He cries, his emotions boiling over.

Eve is in the doorway, standing calmly.

She smiles at Elise, waving. Elise waves back.

Grace appears next to Eve.

ELISE (CONT’D)
There’s another woman here. She wants you to tell Harry that she understood every last thing he said to her. Right up until the end.

Grace smiles and then her and Eve turn and walk through the door.

Gone forever.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

Dawn is peeking over the horizon.

Tucker hefts his equipment case into the back of his van.

He sighs, still in shock, and leans against the bumper. He and Specs are on either side of Elise. She is beaming.

ELISE
First time you’ve seen a ghost?

TUCKER
Well...

SPECS
Yes.

ELISE
You'll get used to it.

They stare up at the early sun, taking in the simple beauty of the morning.

ELISE (CONT'D)
Spectral sightings. I like that.

SPECS
That one's mine.

TUCKER
Is it?

ELISE
Stop it. You boys fight too much. It's unnecessary. It's obvious you both need each other.

She slaps them on the arm. This makes them uncomfortable.

ELISE (CONT'D)
Maybe we should go into business together.

SPECS
I thought it was dangerous for you to do this stuff? You said it could kill you.

ELISE
Yeah, well...everybody's gonna die one day.
(beat)
I think it's high time for me to get out of the house while I'm still alive, don't you?

We RISE HIGH into the air as Elise hooks her arms around their elbows and strolls with them towards her car.

ELISE (CONT'D)
I do think you boys need to dress a little better though. If we're gonna work together.

TUCKER
I'll have you know this T-shirt is very rare. It's an original Star Fleet.

ELISE
I'm sure it is.

TUCKER
Then maybe you should apologize.

Elise laughs. It is the laugh of the Elise we know. She finds these two very amusing.

ELISE
I do apologize.

SPECS
What would you have us wear instead?

ELISE
Well...a shirt and tie might be nice...

INT. BEDROOM, ELISE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Elise enters, wearing a night gown. She wanders over to Warren, who is lying on his bed.

ELISE
Warren, you old dog. Thank you for looking after me.

She ruffles his head, then goes to the wardrobe. She rifles though Jack's clothes. Can't seem to find what she's looking for. She furrows her brow.

ELISE (CONT'D)
Where's your...

She turns and then STOPS. Her face drops in delighted surprise.

We see what she is looking at. Her husbands moth eaten vest is lying out nicely on the bed.

Elise smiles and looks up around the room.

ELISE (CONT'D)
I love you too, Jack.

FADE OUT.